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PROGRESSIVES have the opportunity to carry their victory to the floor of Congress, for it appears that neither party has an effective working majority in the House. Under such conditions ten independents who knew how to coöperate could do much to reform the Congressional system. If they will lay their plans carefully before the new Congress assembles, they ought to be able to prevent the organization of the House on the old lines. There never was a better chance to force a reform of the rules. Then too, under a more liberal procedure, this group could exert great influence on legislation. Unless we are greatly mistaken, it will find the President not at all unfriendly, and a basis of coöperation might even be established. If the genuine progressives, both Democratic and Republican, the trade-union members, Miss Rankin, and Mr. Meyer London fail to organize such a *bloc* they will be throwing away the splendid beginning which began with the election. The way to go about it is to start now organizing an independent caucus, consult with those who have studied the rules of Congress, and select a floor leader of parliamentary experience.

HIRAM JOHNSON in the Senate will be a perpetual symbol of the problem that the Republican leaders must solve. He represents dramatically the thing which defeated Mr. Hughes. Without him, and the kind of Republican who will follow him, a regenerated party is at present unthinkable. Yet it is no less difficult to imagine the party after it had assimilated its Hiram Johnsons. For the sources of feeling which he draws upon are after all far closer to the Wilson Democracy than they are to anything important in the Republican party of the East. With the Penroses there can of course be no permanent understanding, but is it any more conceivable that the people who vote for Johnson or La Follette will work smoothly with Republicans like Mr. Root or Senator Lodge? If Colonel Roosevelt is the great fact which the Republicans must assimilate in the next four years, Hiram Johnson is a symbol of the popular feeling which both the Colonel and the Old Guard will have to assimilate.

THE Chicago *Evening Post* of November 14th has an extraordinarily interesting diagnosis of the election result: "Wherever in this campaign there was a united Republican-Progressive direction of a western state battle, the state went for Hughes; wherever there was a disunited campaign, the state went to Wilson. The states where there was the most perfect Republican-Progressive reunion in the West were Indiana and Oregon. Illinois and South Dakota were next." The facts seem to prove the truth of this. In Illinois, for example, the Republican state platform was liberal, and Progressives like Mr. Harold Ickes, Mr. Medill McCormick, Mr. Raymond Robins, Mr. Charles E. Merriam, and Mr. Frank Funk were all not only permitted to announce themselves for Hughes, but were given an active part in the campaign. In Indiana a real reunion of the two organizations took place, whereas in states like Utah and Kansas the Republican reactionaries would have nothing to do with the Progressives. The

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Chicago *Evening Post* is right, therefore, in saying that "The Democrats have as yet no clear title to the claim that the West has permanently attached itself to their party. They have carried the West in two consecutive national elections, it is true, but they have carried it the second time as well as the first because there was a divided Republican party." Having analyzed the situation so truly will the *Evening Post* now explain what is to be the basis of a successful reunion? Is the *Post* satisfied with the situation, even in a state like Illinois, where a fairly satisfactory local condition compelled Progressives to vote a national ticket which was unprogressive? In other words, what is the outlook for national Progressivism in the Republican party if its only claim to success is that it polls votes where its local leaders secure sufficient recognition?

SHORT of actual adoption there is no real success for woman suffrage and no great cause for congratulation. The election of Mr. Wilson, moreover, means that suffragists cannot look to a President who has given positive assurance that he will support the federal amendment. But despite this weakness in the claims of the suffragists on Mr. Wilson and despite the popular rejection of enfranchisement in two states, the strategic position of woman suffragists is greatly improved. No politician in the United States is left with any doubt as to the crucial national importance of the woman's vote. No congressman at Washington who has the slightest regard for his party can remain unanswerable to the suffragists. The time has undoubtedly come for the National Woman's Suffrage Association to revise their tactics to suit this opportunity, to revise in particular their nonpartisan attitude. The political power of the woman voter must be brought to bear on Washington now, with 1918 in mind. If the National Association does not see its way to harvest in this field it should leave the field clear for the Congressional Union, and concentrate itself on state campaigns like that in South Dakota. Its traditional policy no longer meets the advantages of the present situation.

MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, himself a believer in prohibition, is confident that prohibition will break into national politics. He wants the Democrats to seize the issue so as to prevent it from being appropriated by the Republicans. He may be right; but we doubt it. National prohibition is a dangerous subject for any responsible party to put in its platform. The advocacy of it would shatter or at least profoundly disturb the existing political organizations of both the Democrats and the Republicans. There has been a national prohibition party in this country for more than a generation; but in spite of the triumphant career of state prohibition, the agitation in favor of nationalizing the issue has not made any headway. American parties instinctively fight shy of a reform which, while it arouses lively differences of interest and conviction, can just as well be left to state action. They will probably continue to fight shy of prohibition until it takes possession of a substantial instead of only a bare majority of the states; and if they ever take it up they will take it up together instead of separately. A reform which requires for its adoption an amendment to the federal Constitution makes an indigestible diet for party politics. Federal amendment requires the support not of one but of both parties.

NO more difficult problem confronts the President than the completion of his program for dealing with railway strikes. Mr. Gompers in addressing the American Federation of Labor has already denounced the principle of the Canadian act, which provided for compulsory investigation, as hostile to the spirit of our institutions, and has practically served notice that he intends to fight any limitation of the power to strike. Coupled with this come vague though persistent rumors that the railway brotherhoods are again threatening to strike because the management are seeking to break the Adamson law in the courts. In the whole puzzling situation only a few general principles may be regarded as established. A way must be found to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of such a situation as that which confronted the President at the end of August. He is pledged to the carrying out of such a program. At the same time his acceptance of the method of the Canadian act was, we believe, hasty and ill-judged. It is a dubious means of arriving at a desirable end, and the President, though he is bound to secure legislation which makes a national railway strike improbable, should certainly not feel himself bound to the technique embodied in this particular act.

DIFFERENT constructions have been placed upon the almost universal support which the Western states gave Mr. Wilson. Mr. Frank Hitchcock, as quoted in the New York *Sun*, believes that "the defection of states like Kansas, Idaho and Utah is a reflection of a prejudice that has been growing up against the East." The West, in his way of thinking, is becoming sectional. This carries a threat. With the South already sectional, the West swinging that way, Ohio apparently incorrigible, New Hampshire in danger and

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Rhode Island electing a Democratic senator, there will soon be only a dozen "national" states left in the union. It is said that the trouble with the West is that it is "provincial." If Mr. Hughes had been elected you can imagine the small-town chortling of the Western editor: "Shadow Lawn has become Eclipse Manor"— — "The President of Humanity has been succeeded by the President of the Nation" — — "Colonel House's reputation as a Warwick needs reënamelling" — — "New Jersey was guilty of Woodrow Wilson but she has done her part to expiate the blunder." It happens, however, that these quotations are all taken from the early Wednesday morning edition of Mr. Munsey's New York *Sun*.

IN referring last week to a phase of the election THE NEW REPUBLIC suggested that when Governor Whitman can run ahead of Mr. Hughes in New York, and Governor McCall and Senator Lodge outstrip him in Massachusetts, there is no sign that President Wilson's foreign policy has been repudiated decisively, even in the East. In fairness to Mr. Hughes it should be pointed out that while he ran behind Governor McCall he received a larger popular vote than either Governor Whitman or Senator Lodge. The significant fact, however, is that his pluralities both in Massachusetts and in New York were much smaller than those by which Whitman, Lodge and McCall won.

THE affaire Rochette seems likely to set people in France by the ears again. A fugitive from justice since 1912, pursued in vain by the police in all parts of the world, the notorious Rochette, has, it seems, been quietly serving in the army as a motor cyclist since August, 1914. At about that date, M. Hervé, editor of the *Victoire,* had turned his office into a sort of clearing house for the criminal careers of all those who wished to wipe out past offences by joining the army. From his friends and acquaintances he secured honorable discharge papers which he turned over to criminal applicants who wished to enlist. One day Henri Rochette appeared and demanded the same privilege, whereupon M. Hervé begged one of his colleagues to give him his *livret militaire* which he promptly handed over to Rochette. The latter at once enlisted under the name of that gentleman, M. Georges Bienaimé and has since been serving respectably in the automobile reserves at Granville where he was arrested the other day. Now the delicate question arises, whether, as M. Hervé puts it, the government is going to make itself grotesque and odious by proceeding against Rochette in the circumstances, or, as M. Capus and other intellectuals say, whether citizens are no longer to be equal before the law, and condemned criminals are to go scot-free as the combined result of morbid sentimentality over all picturesque scoundrels and popular regard for a sort of heroism that is achieved on very easy terms. Looking at it in as commonsense manner as is possible at this distance, one would think that serving as an automobilist in the French army, instead of dodging the police all around the face of the globe was on the whole too good a bargain to entitle any condemned criminal to exemption on the score of heroism.

Germany and the League of Peace

BECAUSE of the source from which it came the German Chancellor's speech of last week was the most momentous and encouraging utterance which has been made since the beginning of the war by the spokesman of a belligerent government. In memorable words and without the least equivocation von Bethmann-Hollweg proclaimed Germany's willingness to consider participation in a league to enforce peace. His support of the idea went as far as under existing conditions any reasonable pacifist could expect. Not only did he clearly recognize the superiority of the league-to-enforce peace idea over past proposals for international organization, but he gave forcible expression to the increasing horror of war which the bloody havoc of the past two years has wrought in the minds of humane men in all countries. "If at and after the end of the war," he said, "the world will only become fully conscious of the horrifying destruction of life and property, then throughout the whole of humanity there will ring out a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as within human power, will avoid the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. . . . Germany is at all times ready to join a league of nations—yes even to place herself at the head of such a league—to keep in check disturbers of the peace."

This overture on the part of Germany will immediately be condemned as insincere and as intended to mislead the sympathy of neutrals. The Germans have failed, and they are pretending interest in a peace league in order to escape the consequences of their own misdeeds. Such a criticism is not in our opinion either true or important. The Germans have suffered from the ravages of the war as much as France and Russia and more than Italy and Great Britain. No matter how much they may still consider isolated local wars useful instruments of national policy, they must understand the suicidal futility of wars which involve the

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whole of Europe and raise issues of national life and death rather than specific conflicts of national interest. Germany has, morever, strong reasons to welcome a league of peace whose organization would subordinate questions concerning territorial readjustments to the overwhelming need of organizing international security. The Germans are situated in the center of Europe with possible enemies on every frontier. They have become exceptionally powerful because their situation makes them exceptionally vulnerable. When they cry out for some kind of an organization of peace which may help to prevent the repetition of the "monstrous catastrophe" of a general war, they are not only giving expression to the lesson of their own bitter experience of the past two years, but to a true interpretation of the facts of their political geography and history.

In any event suspicions as to motives should not be allowed to prevent the making of a serious attempt to capitalize the German Chancellor's speech. If every overture in the direction of organizing international security is to be considered suspect, because its proposer may be using it to accomplish other than its ostensible purpose, then any attempt to get away from the organized insecurity of the past might as well be abandoned. The course of subsequent negotiations will develop abundant opportunities of testing German sincerity. It is enough for the present that the official exponent of German foreign policy has published the following statement of German purposes. "Germany will honestly coöperate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution and will collaborate for its possible realization," the object being in part to "create political conditions that do full justice to the free development of all nations small as well as great." This is a moderate, compliant and apparently candid definition of the steps which Germany will take in order to help the organization of a league of peace. It commits her government to nothing but an experimental negotiation, but it raises no questions or barriers which need make negotiation fruitless. On the basis of such an overture a series of specific proposals could be submitted to Germany, the discussion of which would immediately expose any lack of good faith.

The German Chancellor does, indeed, suggest a condition in the absence of which Germany would refuse to discuss the organization of international security. The Allies must enter the negotiations in a state of mind as experimental and as non-committal as that in which Germany enters it. If Germany does not impose conditions which would make the negotiations fruitless, neither must the Allies, and that is precisely what, according to their spokesmen, they may intend to do. The French, English, and Russian statesmen have already devised a method of preventing the repetition of this "monstrous catastrophe." They propose to alter the balance of power in Europe by taking away the Slavic subjects of the Central Empires and so deprive Germany of any sufficient means of future aggression. While they are willing to enter a league of peace, they seek to draw a sharp distinction between what the treaty of peace may do to promote their own security and what an international organization may do to promote general security. But surely the German Chancellor is right in insisting that a policy of this kind, should the Allies possess the power to carry it out, would prevent German participation in a league to enforce peace. If all the essential controversies of the war are to be decided, willy-nilly, against Germany, and a league of peace subsequently organized, the league would become nothing but a device to underwrite a victory for the Allies and a defeat for Germany. It would be a league to prevent Germany from protesting against the consequences of her defeat, and as such would keep alive all the old animosities and apprehensions.

In order to convert the league to enforce peace into a fruitful experiment in international organization the accession of Germany is as desirable for one set of reasons as the accession of the United States is for another. The strategic situation of the Germans in the very center of Europe makes them of necessity either the most serviceable bulwark of international security or its most dangerous enemy. In the long run they would certainly succeed in dividing and destroying any league which ignored German interests and the need of German participation. Allied with Russia they would be impregnable and could easily overrun the continent of Europe. Allied with the western Powers, the alliance could make liberalism triumphant in Europe and prevent possible Russian insurgency from becoming dangerous. The concert of Europe could become a growing and a sufficiently stable organization without either Russia or France, because these two countries if isolated might be powerless. But it would be a futile organization without both Germany and Great Britain. The cost of isolating Germany is great enough to strain any alliance which undertakes it as a permanent policy; and Great Britain commands the highway of the world. Germany is indispensable to the league of peace and the fact of her indispensability should persuade the Allied governments to force nothing into the settlement after the war which would prevent her participation in a peace league. By so doing they will be taking the first decisive step to substitute the principle of a Concert of Europe in place of a Balance.

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No doubt the increase of German military power has upset the balance as it did formerly exist; but in so far as the upset involves a danger, the danger should be guarded against by enlisting the assistance of neutrals rather than by emasculating Germany. It has become literally true, as it was not in the days of Canning, that the New World can be called in to redress the balance in the Old. Europe has the opportunity, if it only will, to move in the direction of a concert. The United States can be called in to redress a balance against the Allies. It cannot fairly be called in to confirm a balance which has been deliberately manufactured against Germany.

Honor and Election Returns

TOWARDS ten-thirty on election night many prominent people began to issue statements about the defeat of Mr. Wilson. Not content with registering their pleasure in the victory which seemed to be theirs, they stamped violently and joyfully on the prostrate loser. It was wretched sportsmanship. It was a sin against that spirit of live and let live without which a democracy like ours is unworkable. And it was unintelligent. It was unintelligent not because the later returns reversed the result, but because all the talk about yellow streaks, too proud to fight, and national honor has now become feeble political melodrama.

Eighteen million men and women voted in the election. They were certain to divide more or less evenly. No one in his senses ever supposed there would be a difference of two million votes between the candidates. The less popular was sure to poll many more votes than there were human beings in the United States when the nation was founded. And yet prominent Republican newspapers and ex-Presidents talked for months as if Americanism and national honor could be won or lost in a few pivotal states. The reason those premature rhapsodies sound so queer now is that we have had a demonstration of what it means to make simple spiritual values depend on the complex movement of a diversified people. If on Tuesday night we had cast off the motto "too proud to fight," are we to assume that by Thursday night we had adopted it? If by midnight we had erased the yellow streak, did we paint it in by daybreak?

Obviously not. No one who knows politics thinks that the votes of eighteen million people are determined by any such single reason as Mr. Roosevelt assumed. He knows perfectly well that if there are 8,508,000 Wilson votes and 8,090,000 Hughes votes, it does not follow that there are 8,508,000 people too proud to fight and 8,090,000 red-blooded heroes. Anyone who watched the Republican campaign knows that the methods used to win votes entitled no one to conclude that they fitted the neat formulae announced on election night. The last ten days of the Republican campaign were an effort to create a stampede by threatening the ignorant with the danger of a panic. Suppose this had been even more successful than it was. Just how would this result indicate that the American people wanted intervention in Mexico or less vacillation as against Germany?

Or consider the talk about the fibre of our people having been weakened. Has Ohio less fibre than Indiana or Pennsylvania? Is Vermont the home of heroes and New Hampshire a poltroon by sixty-three votes? Is North Dakota fat and materialistic, South Dakota lean, athletic and the soul of honor? Why do Arizona and New Mexico, why does the town of Columbus itself, find Wilson's Mexican policy less intolerable than certain northern newspapers? Why do so many polls of militia regiments on the border show a majority for Wilson? Now it would be just as much out of order for one of Mr. Wilson's supporters to say that the result was "national" approval of all he has done. The winner has the votes to elect him. How he got them all no human being can say with certainty. The point is that the motives which go to the making of majorities or minorities in a republic the size of ours are infinitely more complicated than any partisan will admit.

It is a sign of political immaturity to treat a nation as if it were an individual with a conscience, a sense of honor, a single financial interest, a single head, a single heart, and a single life. Actually a nation is a mass of communities and classes and groups tied together for some purposes, antagonistic for others, indifferent to many. It consists of people growing up, growing old, passing on in the business of life. To make fixed entities out of Britain, Germany, America, and talk as if they were changeless as pieces on a chess board is to live among those fictions which obscure the necessities and the true costs of politics. Mr. Lloyd-George was guilty of such a fiction in the famous interview when he compared Britain to a prize-fighter and said it did not matter how long the war lasted. Because he thought of his country as a single immortal person and lost sight of the mortal agonies of every-day life in the trenches, he uttered a remark that was revolting to every humane person.

It is a dangerous thing to forget that a nation consists of a large number of people, and that men may disagree without becoming villains. Whoever forgets it is certain sooner or later to feel a little silly.

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The Two Parties after the Election

EACH of the two major political parties should feel chastened and subdued rather than elated and complacent at the results of the election. The Democratic candidate has won, but his triumph is expressive of confidence in Mr. Wilson rather than in the Democratic party. He ran ahead of his associates on the ticket, just as Mr. Hughes ran behind his associates. Republicanism as a tradition is proved to be a little stronger than Democracy as a tradition, but not strong enough to overcome the advantages of the abler and more progressive Democratic leadership. Manifestly neither party can assume the existence of any popular presumption in its favor. Both of them must during the next few years build less upon the past and more for the future.

The Republicans need particularly to prepare for the future rather than bank on the past. Their tactics during the campaign were dictated by a superseded and false view of the relation of the two parties to the task of governing the country. They have considered themselves to be the national party, ordained to rule by their superiority in ability and by the existence of a favorable popular presumption. They had been beaten in 1912 because they had allowed themselves to be divided in the face of the enemy. They could reëstablish their supremacy in 1916 merely by ignoring the quarrel of the previous campaign and by formally reuniting the two wings of the party under the magic name of Republicanism. That Republicanism under such conditions ceased to have any assured meaning, that it degenerated into an incongruous medley of progressive and tory tendencies but with toryism in the saddle, that it became the cover under which a group of malign anti-national interests could attack the very substance of our national life—all these drawbacks were not allowed to count. The Republicans did not in their own opinion need to earn a victory by spending on their party program and organization any of the supposititious political ability and leadership, any of the genius for efficiency, or any of the higher constructive nationalism which they claimed for themselves and denied to their opponents. All they had to do was to nominate a candidate who was not involved in the quarrel of 1912, accuse Mr. Wilson of cowardice, inefficiency, and a lack of conviction in the conduct of the government, ignore their own inefficiency, cowardice and lack of conviction in the conduct of their party business, and leave the rest confidently to the resentments and prejudices of the American electorate.

By the use of these tactics they came near to success, but they paid for it by blunting the moral edge of Republicanism. It requires only a single instance to prove how deeply the integrity of the party was compromised by the attempt to capitalize the Republican tradition without regard to the internal controversies of recent years or the new needs and spirit of the country. Although progressive Republicanism first broke with the party organization because of its domination by special interests in the form of crass protectionism, the last few weeks of the campaign witnessed a revival of this unabashed protectionism by the national committee without a word of protest from those who are still claiming to be progressive Republicans. The policy of resting on the past rather than building for the future brought with it a reversion to type, which justifies us in characterizing the conscience of Republicanism as decidedly the worse for wear.

After a campaign of this kind success would have been the worst disaster which could have befallen the Republicans. They had done nothing to prepare themselves for its exercise. Its responsibility would have brought to the surface the profound divergence of interest and conviction, the irreconcilability of outlook and temper, the utter lack of intellectual honesty and moral integrity which lay concealed behind the hard surface of the contemporary official Republicanism. Before it is capable of governing the country it must first recover its own self-possession; and that is a work which can be performed with more benefit to the nation and with less damage to itself during a period of adversity than during a period of success. Its first and most essential task is to discover or to invent some specific meaning for Republicanism and associate with that meaning a definite program of domestic and foreign policy.

During the campaign the Republican leaders allowed President Wilson to attach in the popular mind Democracy with progressivism and Republicanism with conservatism. Are they willing to allow this line-up to stand? If so they will do well to scrutinize the intellectual and moral foundation of current American conservatism and consider what kind of an appeal such a party can make to the American electorate, and what kind of a solution it has to offer for the critical problems of the day. If not, how far are they prepared to carry progressivism and how can they reestablish themselves in the popular mind as a progressive party? Can they do it by accepting Mr. Roosevelt's leadership and by permitting him to frame their program for them? Such are the more obvious questions which will have to be asked

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and answered by the Republicans in the near future. In its immediate practical aspect the problem becomes one of seeking or rejecting Mr. Roosevelt's continued coöperation. If they reject it, they are for the time being thrown back on the repudiated Republican tradition, which has corrupted their recent campaign. If they accept it, the Old Guard will have to swallow the bitter pill of publicly admitting their own political bankruptcy. They went wrong in June, 1912. They went no less wrong in June, 1916. Can they blame public opinion for asking whether they are capable of going right?

Just as the best chance of Republican recovery depends upon the ability of Republicans to make good use of the discipline of defeat, so the Democrats need and are entitled to a renewed lease of power in which to nourish the young plant of Democratic competence in government. Success will not encourage a reversion to type, a relapse to a dead partisan tradition, as it would have done in the case of the Republicans. It will oblige them to resume a work of reorganization and preparation which has been well started but which still remains a plant of tender growth. Every circumstance connected with the election combines to give to the work of reorganization increasing authority and momentum. Mr. Wilson's skilful and imaginative leadership has really been creating a new party, composed not altogether of progressive ingredients, but still deriving its chief strength from those native American communities which are most interested in the problems of domestic reconstruction. He is emancipated from any obligation to the most dubious elements in the old Democracy because the baleful Democratic machines of Indiana, Illinois and New York failed to carry their own states. His prestige with his party and the nation is enormously enhanced by the scope and nature of his victory. In every respect his hands are freer than they were four years ago, and capable of seizing and wielding more powerful weapons. He has the opportunity of moulding the Wilson Democracy, unlike the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, into a better reflection of the nation as a whole—into an agency of those formative social aspirations whose progressive realization helps to pull the American nation together.

Imposing, however, as is the opportunity which Mr. Wilson has made for himself, the difficulties in his path are still more imposing. An American party which wants to provide a structure for the Democracy of to-day, analogous to the structure which the Federalists provided for the semi-democracy of their day, must be prepared to deal honestly if not adequately with three critical problems, all of which have been either ignored or shirked by the national parties of the past.

It must be prepared to emancipate the administrative departments of the government from petty distracting political interference and give to expert administration the place to which it is entitled among the indispensable agencies of a democratic social policy. It must be prepared to shed the newer-worldly provincialism of American foreign policy and to promote the participation of the United States in the burdens and risks of a working international organization. Finally it must recognize the existence of a class of wage-earners which under the prevailing economic and legal system suffers from more or less exploitation, and for whom special provision must be made in the reorganization of American society. These are the ultimate problems of a modern industrial community, and we doubt whether any party, subject to the drawbacks of the two-party system, is capable of dealing with them as drastically and as courageously as the nature of the problems demands. But there they are, omnipresent and implacable. Any party which undertakes to govern the American nation must attempt to deal with them. Possibly the Wilson Democracy will be broken by the attempt, but it will certainly be broken if the attempt is avoided. It is peculiarly Mr. Wilson's business, after the astonishing endorsement which the American people have conferred upon his leadership, to take care that the attempt is made sincerely and intelligently—to take care above all that in so far as partisan Democracy fails in the attempt the penalty of the failure is paid by the party rather than by the nation.

Deflation

LOOKING back on the great welter of words without meaning, there is one consolation in the campaign debates. Political speeches are not nearly so hard to read as they used to be, even a comparatively short time ago. Of course reading a political speech afterwards is always like visiting the wings of the theatre in the daylight, but the contrast is not quite so painful as it used to be. After all it was not so very long ago that Mr. Bryan could wind up a speech regarded as fiery at the time with a peroration, beginning, " Behold a republic resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried from the mountain of eternal truth. . . Behold a republic proclaiming to the world, etc.," and so on with eight or ten more " Behold-a-republic's," each introducing a similar phrase. And people will recall without any strain on their memories vast areas of oratory, rich, heavy, gorgeous as pur-

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ple plush: every noun its sonorous adjective, every verb its indomitable adverb. It made them quite happy at the time.

"Vicious, shameless, disreputable, arrogant, ungrateful defamation," "venom and malice," "base perversion," "unblushing misrepresentation," "vilification and abuse"—these terms were always turning up in the really powerful speeches and almost always in the same order. For example, it was always "vilification and abuse," never by any chance "abuse and vilification," and no one, however hurried or absent-minded, ever left out "unblushing" before "misrepresentation." Then there was "animus." What has become of "animus," by the way? The other terms are still employed occasionally but nobody seems to care about "animus" at all. Strong men used to blench at the sound of it. Tell an orator he showed "animus" and he hurled it back in the other orator's teeth. At home afterwards one sometimes wondered what there was so improper about animus, for regarded simply it seemed rather a good thing to have and well worth showing. But everybody hated it to be seen. In those days people were always being knocked down verbally without knowing what it was that hit them. It is a great mistake to think of bombast as always weak. It has often been the deadliest of political weapons. It is effective now, as any one can see who will recall impartially certain sentences on Americanism during the late campaign, and probably it always will be, but it has shaded off a bit. There can be no doubt of it. "Bloodguilty usurper" for example is by no means what it used to be as a term of presidential reproach.

No reader of campaign material old or recent should let himself be sanguine for a moment. You can always kill some politician with a toy balloon, and always please some audience when you do so, and there is always the class of minds that can read in the morning without repentance the speech that dragged them down the night before. Yet there are more people nowadays who expect orators to strip their words for action and there are fewer speeches composed exclusively of drum majors as they march into the public mind. Aesthetic amelioration in this country does not proceed at a breakneck rate of speed, but bombast is probably a good deal less powerful than it was in the eighteen-forties, for example. Bombast was a great aid to "manifest destiny" when we "stabled our horses in the halls of Montezuma" and all that, but it is very doubtful if bombast of the pure brand will have quite as much to do with the settlement of our present Mexican question.

There are signs of change from an even later period. Mark Twain were he living to-day might be feeling just as strangely about present conditions as he did when he advised us to paint the Stars and Stripes black and adorn it with the skull and crossbones, and he might be just as right or just as wrong, but he would certainly use a different form of expression. Great hearts up Boston way might beat just as hard as ever they beat when phrases burst from them about "Thanksgivings of Shame," but there is a strong rhetorical presumption that they would beat to a different tune, and it is doubtful if Porto Rico could be "shaken over Hell" now with anything like the oratorical result, no matter how badly we behaved to Porto Rico. In short, one can be almost certain of a diminution in the number of phrases that expire when you put in a pin.

Cynics say it is merely analogous to the change to the short skirt from trains or crinoline, and that when orators cut the words too close to the thought they will swing back to the hoop-skirts and bustles of buncombe. That is a mechanical theory of no real weight. There is no reason to think that utility will not rule its master, or that seventy years of criticism, from Dickens to Mr. Dooley, have not had some effect. When a political candidate is tired he may talk now, just as he always would, somewhat in this manner: "Politically at least, he was living in a fool's paradise, because that which he considered to be his duty brought the house down upon his head, and of a sudden he saw what seemed to him incredible, the working of a deal by which the very fabric was to be pulled up by the roots, and this at the hands of those he had served and whom he thought his friends." But after a good sleep and clear-headed application to study he will often speak with the precision, conciseness, and essentially literary quality which one remarks more generally, to be sure, among bar-keepers.

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Japanese Policy in China

IT is curious, but perhaps not unnatural, that nearly all the current discussion of the present national policy of Japan concerns itself chiefly with superficial aspects. It is worth while, therefore, to direct our thoughts toward underlying causes, to the end that we may distinguish between the veering flaws of circumstance and the trade winds of a definite policy.

When Japan first began to take her place among the nations of the world the leading statesmen, after due thought, decided on a policy the direct antithesis of that followed in the United States. Here national policy and national development are determined by more or less enlightened public opinion; the people lead, the government follows. Japanese statesmen determined that the government should lead and the people follow; that the people as a whole should think, desire, labor, and fight for the things their national leaders thought best for them. Probably such a policy could never have been carried out in this country, but, for reasons obvious to anyone at all familiar with the Far East, it was quite practicable in Japan and has been consistently followed with a fair measure of success. A discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of such a policy and an inquiry into the present indications of its eventual success would be of interest, but for the basis of this discussion it is sufficient to note the fact and then pass on to a consideration of the methods of its expression seen in current far-eastern development.

Having determined that the government should lead, the next step was to determine the general direction of progress. Geographically Japan occupies much the same position in the Pacific as Great Britain does in the Atlantic, and the statesmen of Japan at once hitched their wagon to the star of maritime and commercial leadership. But it soon became clear that something more than geographical position was required to realize this ambition. During the period of her rise to supremacy Great Britain was the greatest coal-mining and iron and steel-making nation of the world; her success was founded on the possession of those natural resources on which industrial development is based. The United States and Germany have since outstripped her in the development of these natural resources and have, therefore, in a comparatively brief period, risen to the rank of Powers of the first magnitude.

Unfortunately Japan lacks these natural resources. Of iron ore she has none worth mentioning, and while her present coal production is considerable, it is rapidly exhausting the decidedly limited coal fields of the empire. Attempts were made to develop the iron and steel industry on the basis of imported ore and pig iron, but they were complete failures. Two decades ago the Japanese were possessed of a structure of national growth that had sprung up almost like Jonah's gourd, and bade fair to wither almost as quickly unless sustenance was provided for its roots in the form of iron ore and coal fields.

Across on the Asiatic mainland are abundant resources of iron and coal. It is true they belonged to the Chinese and Koreans, but neither showed any signs of putting them to use. Following the German philosophy that tools and resources rightfully belong to those who can best make use of them, the definite purpose of Japanese statesmen for the past two decades has been to so mold events that such portions of the Asiatic mainland as it required should eventually come into the hands of Japan. In this they have been singularly successful. Chinese ineptitude in Korea and Russian aggression in Manchuria furnished the necessary excuse for wars that led to the annexation of Korea and Japanese control of South Manchuria.

Thus a considerable part of the program was realized. With the control of the South Manchuria railway went the Fushun coal mine, with a seam of excellent coal 100 to 130 feet thick and eight miles long, now producing 2,200,000 tons per year. Japan forced China to allow her to build a railroad from Antung to Mukden and to permit the development of iron and coal mines along this line. It is true that theoretically these latter mines are jointly controlled by Japan and China (the Fushun mine is wholly under Japanese control) but the Chinese participation is little more than an amiable fiction, since the nominal Chinese capital has been lent by the Japanese, and the technical control is completely in the hands of the latter. In this way other coal mines have been developed, two iron blast-furnaces have been built and two more are projected at Pen-hsi-hu, or Honkeiko, as the Japanese prefer to have it called, where some 80,000,000 tons of 70 per cent iron ore have been developed. By a recent agreement Japanese have the right to develop mines in three districts of Kirin province, which adjoins Manchuria on the north. Industrial plants have been built; a Japanese firm is engaged in supplying electric power to the American-owned gold mines in northern

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Korea, and others manufacture sulphate of ammonia, coal-tar products, and all the many important substances that have their origin in coal.

In Korea iron deposits of much promise are being developed and several hundred thousand tons of iron ore are sent each year to Japan to supply the furnaces there that formerly had to depend on ore bought in China. This output is rapidly increasing and is expected soon to reach 1,000,000 tons a year, so the economic position has correspondingly improved.

Last year presented another opportunity for notable advance. By declaring war on Germany, Japan was enabled to attack and capture the German holdings in Shantung. No one has so far publicly commented on the tactics pursued by Japan in the seige of Tsingtau. Despatches from Japan at first stated that the attacking forces would land at a point but a few miles north of Tsingtau, but the strategy was soon changed to the occupation of Teng-chou, which is on the opposite side of the peninsula and much nearer Peking, thus giving a reasonable excuse for occupying a wide extent of Chinese territory. From this point a military railway was built along an old canal bed and Tsingtau was soon captured. The railway leading from that port 250 miles inland to Tsi-nan-fu, the capital of the province, was also seized, together with the coal mines at Fangtse and Poshan, on the ground that they were German enterprises. The nearby iron ore deposits at Tsing-ling-chen, containing 30,000,000 tons of 65 per cent ore, were also seized, since the Germans had a concession to work them, and they are now being exploited by Japanese capital. It is reported that Japan will build a railroad from Teng-chou to Tsi-nan-fu, thus effectually throttling the Chinese port of Chefoo, and it is quite clear to anyone familiar with the facts that Japanese control of the province of Shantung is a *fait accompli*. In southern Shantung there is an even more valuable coal field that will find its natural outlet on the southeast coast of the province when a harbor is built there, and it will probably be only a question of time until Japanese capital will provide the harbor.

It is evident, then, that Japan has so far succeeded very well in possessing herself of enough of the coal and iron resources of her neighbors to supply her needs. This is not the whole story, however. If the Chinese were left in possession of their iron and steel works they would possess the means of eventually resisting Japanese aggression, so it was essential to pull the dragon's teeth. China has a large modern steel works at Hankow, in the heart of China, built by Chang-chih-tung for the express purpose of furnishing material for the arsenals and munitions factories of China, as well as furnishing rails and equipment for her railways. This was so wretchedly mismanaged by Sheng-hsuan-huai that although it developed rapidly it got further and further into debt. During the recent revolution it was partly destroyed and more money was necessary to put it into operation again. The management had committed the incredible folly of borrowing Japanese capital at various times in its career, and by 1914 it was evident that if it was not to pass into Japanese control something must be done at once. Strenuous efforts were made to secure American capital and the first vice-president of one of our largest steel companies spent several months in China looking into the situation, but eventually decided that the Japanese had so far got the upper hand that American capital would not be warranted in involving itself in so tangled a situation. It was then proposed that the Chinese government should furnish the necessary money but the government had no money to furnish, and the inclusion of the Japanese control of these works in the demands of May, 1915, set at naught the last Chinese hopes. We have now before us the pathetic and even ridiculous spectacle of a steel works built for the military protection of China passing into the control of the only country from which China need fear military aggression. This summer a Japanese company secured a concession for the iron-ore deposits at Taochang, Anhwei province, reported to contain 60,000,000 tons of 65 per cent ore, and they already had the concession for the large deposit in Fukien, near Amoy, so the Chinese are now blocked from a new enterprise elsewhere.

There is much talk of the precarious financial position of Japan, but this is as much beside the point as if one were to consider only the outstanding notes of a large farmer and entirely overlook his large acreage of fertile land and his cattle, orchards, and gardens. It is only a question of time until Japan, if left undisturbed, will have developed a volume of trade that will render its financial position secure.

People who should have a clearer understanding of the matter frequently make the statement that Japan's course in China is an Asiatic variety of the Monroe Doctrine. Catch phrases like this serve only to mislead the unthinking. The actual fact is that if the policy laid down by John Hay had been followed to its logical conclusion China would in time have become a rich and powerful nation, while Japan would have been cut off from securing the resources of coal and iron she so urgently needed. American indifference, Chinese ineptitude, and Japanese foresight and cleverness have remedied this, to the Japanese, intolerable situation.

THOMAS T. READ.

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Headmasterly

OF course it could not have been the faculty supper, the headmaster repeated to himself, that was keeping him awake. Half a dozen oysters, a Welsh rabbit, a bottle of stout—there was nothing on this list to bring insomnia upon a man who was in the prime of life, who had ridden ten miles and played two games of squash that afternoon, and who had been notably abstinent at dinner. For tea he had had one cup, rather weak, and half a crumpet, with butter on it and cinnamon. Yes, and a little sugar, the finest muscle stimulant in the world. Luncheon?—but that was before his afternoon's exercise, and could not be counted against him.

In general the headmaster was not given to explaining a wakeful night by physical causes. Had he been a bachelor he would never even have considered what he ate or drank as possibly responsible for his sleeplessness. His habit was to look higher, to scrutinize the spiritual sources of unrest. But Isabel, one of the most loyal women on God's footstool, had a prosaic earthly way of trying to relate indisposition of every kind to diet. Perhaps her only fault. It was because of Isabel that the headmaster reviewed the three meals he had had since luncheon, and felt appreciably comforted by their obvious blamelessness.

This time, moreover, he had an obviously spiritual cause for lying awake. Although he had dined out he had returned to the school immediately dinner was over, in order not break his pleasant custom of reading aloud, on Saturday evenings, to such boys as voluntarily came to his study to listen, one of our greater masterpieces of English. Of late he had been reading Shakespeare, upon whom he was to deliver an address next week before a teachers' association. "The Relation of the Historical Plays to Adolescence," he thought he should call it. Last night, being unable to find the dependable Rolfe, and trusting to his familiarity with the danger signals, he had essayed the first part of Henry IV in an unexpurgated edition. With disastrous results. His retreat had not been altogether seemly. Few of his hearers knew that his inadvertence was due not to unfamiliarity with the play, but solely to the grave problem which obsessed him.

Young Wicks was the problem. The headmaster sat up and looked out of his window. His bedroom was in the tower of the oldest building in school, and gave him a plunging view downhill to the river. The high falls, dividing the fresh water from the salt, were hidden by a knoll, but he could hear them. His eyes followed the broad stream, visible here and there in clearings under the moon, as it traveled to the sea ten miles away, and the town. Yes, the school was too near the town nowadays, unquestionably too near.

But for the town he should not have been constrained to get rid of the boy Wicks. But for the town Wicks might never have gone wrong, might have enjoyed the full school course of Christian and manly influence. Not that Wicks was an unmanly boy, exactly. He played games well, although showing little interest in the discipline so essential to team work. What he preferred was to roam the country by himself, or with one or two companions, climbing trees, scaling cliffs, shooting rabbits with a smuggled twenty-two, trespassing wherever trespassers were least welcome.

Things such as these might have been overlooked, had in fact been overlooked, so likable was the boy Wicks, all last year. The headmaster had cautioned him several times, but had not been able to decide upon expulsion. He had been reluctant to blast the boy's future.

But last week had come the discovery. Wicks, who would do none of his lessons except history, had paid no attention when called upon to construe his Ovid. He had not heard. He was absorbed in a private occupation of his own. Strange to say, he was writing. The Latin master, who also trained the eleven and was digusted at Wicks's frivolous attitude toward football, had bidden Wicks hand up what he was writing. The Latin master was amazed. Wicks had been writing a drinking song.

Then the whole story came out. The Latin master made a search of Wicks's belongings. He found two notebooks crammed with the most damning evidence against the boy, whose neglect of his studies was explained. Here were songs about the country near the school, about animals and birds, songs that sounded muffled in snow, songs in which spring woke up and brooks and rivers pelted towards the sea. No great harm here, though the boy might have been better employed. But the other things! Stories that Wicks must have picked up on the docks of the town, when the ships came to port, and that were filled with sailors' talk, stories in which the characters talked like the mill operatives—why, the boy must have known shorthand, though he said he didn't and was usually truthful. He must have spent hours in the very lowest company. Worse still, he evidently had not been satisfied with what he saw and heard on the docks, he must have made friends with common sailors and gone with them to the vilest places, for there were songs of such grossness that the headmaster could not imagine they would be tolerated except by drunken sailors, navvies and unfortunate females.

Worst of all, these songs—which Wicks said he

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had not heard anywhere, they had just come into his head—were jolly in a queer unconcerned way. Of course the headmaster had not laughed when he read them, or came anywhere near laughing. The only time he had even smiled was at a speech in verse which Wicks had put into the mouth of the Latin master, and in which tackling a dummy had been made to seem part of the Christian life.

There was a profusion and variety about Wicks's output that were merely astounding. How did the boy find time? He neglected his lessons shamefully, but even so—? Upon the reading of Wicks's complete works the headmaster had expended the leisure of four or five days. More than his leisure, in fact. And he had set aside just this time for the composition of "The Historical Plays in Relation to Adolescence."

Wicks had not had much to say for himself. "I really have no case, sir," he had replied to searching questions. "Hadn't we better just call the whole thing off?" In the end, however, he had confessed everything—how he let himself out of his dormitory by a water pipe and shinned up again before daybreak—everything except the name of the chauffeur whose employer's motor he borrowed for his nocturnal visits to the town. Not more than a dozen times in all. Yes, he had been too or three times to disorderly houses with sailor friends, but he had gone only to hear the talk, he had never done anything worse than to drink a bottle or so of beer. As for his writings, Wicks said he had been so surprised to find the world was like that that he had felt he must get things down in black and white; and sometimes, when he had a glimpse of a sailor's life, or a loose woman's, he couldn't help trying to guess what the rest of the story was like, and what kind of people they were anyway. Hence the stories and the dialogued scenes.

Wicks made no objection when the headmaster told him he must go. He did, however, showing his first signs of hesitation, ask whether it might not be possible to give Wicks senior a fictitious account of things. "I suppose you couldn't say I had failed to keep up with my form, sir? Or that I had brought beer to chapel or something?" He was a surprising boy. Was he afraid to have his father know the truth? Not exactly that. He did not mind his father knowing he had gone to the town at night. "But I'm afraid he might burn my stuff, sir," and Wicks pointed to his manuscript. "Couldn't you keep it all for me until the storm blows over at home? I really think I am making something out of it. Half of this is only first or second draft. I wish you could, sir."

And the headmaster, although Mr. Wicks deserved better treatment, having given a lectern to the school last term, had agreed to say nothing about young Wicks's literary efforts. He had solaced his conscience by announcing that he should keep the manuscripts for the present. Whether he should ever return them was another question, he added, but young Wicks did not look at all disappointed.

"My boy," the headmaster had said in conclusion, "wherever you go, do not neglect your studies. You have a certain literary gift. Do not let it ever be said of you by the critics that you have small Latin and less Greek." And the headmaster had not neglected the inevitable question: "Why did you do this? Were you not happy in school?" He was thinking, when he went to sleep at last, of Wicks's answer: "I don't know, sir. There were lots of things I liked here, but it all seemed so darned orderly and harmless."

The headmaster was wakened by Isabel's tapping on his door. She too had had a bad night. The Shakespeare incident had troubled her. "And I've been thinking. James, dear, couldn't you say something like this to the teachers' association—make them realize how different the works of Shakespeare would have been if he had only gone to a good Church school?" But James answered, with an expression of countenance rather puzzling to Isabel, that he didn't see how he could.

Q. K.

Notes from Laodicea on the Negro Problem

(II) The Reality

A GREAT deal of genuine feeling both North and South against the Negro masquerades as traditional race prejudice, and thus, as it were, avoids detection and straightforward dealing. Our grievance against him to-day is really largely an economic one. He has, to our eyes, two great defects. First he will not work for us when we want him to. Second he has a low standard of living and when he will work is often ready to accept lower wages than the whites. We think it would be presumptuous of him to have any higher standard of living and we quite think he deserves lower wages, and yet—the whole question is a mass of contradictions, almost paradoxes.

Everyone who has worked with and for the Negro knows by this time—or ought to know, if he is honest with himself—that it is quite impossible to hope that the Negro will ever love labor purely for its own sake, or long passionately to toil because the white man thinks it would be a virtue in him to toil. Are there many whites who work in just this way? Art for art's sake is suf-

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ficiently difficult; hard work for hard work's sake even more difficult to indoctrinate. The colored man will work when he wants a new Sunday suit, to take one concrete instance, and the great advertising tailors of the North, who send him a suit made to his own measure and fashioned in the very last and most "snappy" way, for $8.85, probably do a good deal more to cause industry than all the sermons which the kindly white man reads him on industry's sheer blinding beauty. Southern races, whatever their color, cannot long physically for work or aspire to it spiritually. They never have and they never will.

Why should they? If you can for one instant blot out the vision of the Paradisical condition you would be in anywhere in the world, surrounded by people whose passion it was to work for you regardless of their needs or the reward obtained from work, you may perhaps ask why any race should cherish such a pure and exalted passion. Is not this doctrine after all a fetish of a period which is surely passing, of the relations between labor and the employers of labor? Is not such an idol after all about ready for the dust heap? In no progressive and utopian state which we can find being planned for the white race is it intended to develop such an insatiable, unreasoning appetite for toil in the citizens. None of the advanced humanitarian thinkers so much as try to preach docile, unremitting, and unquestioning toil as a virtue. White labor—in whatever form of future state we may develop—is not going to work merely because its employers think well of working-men. And so neither in the future nor the present state is black labor going to work solely because then the white man thinks him a good black boy.

Our attitude is not very different toward the unskilled labor which we secure from the south and east of Europe—the alien "wop." As it has become with the years the divine prerogative of the native-born American to do no rough labor with his hands, so it should be, we consider, the equally divine privilege of the "wop" to dig our ditches and our subways, and occasionally to be crushed to a useful, cheap and felicitous death while constructing the foundations of some metropolitan skyscraper. The alien—with a heart of gold—should stand ready to bend his back to the roughest, hardest jobs and be grateful for them, except at such times as the jobs are needed for the native-born, when he should stand aside, hat in hand and a blessing on his lips. This is not an unfair description, surely, of the turmoil something like a year or two ago over digging the New York City subways. What with the times when it is a duty for him to work cheap and the times when it is *lèse majesté* against the native-born and against organized labor to work at all, the "wop" must grow extremely confused.

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The Negro too might grow confused at times. Most of the time he is abused because he will not work. And then occasionally, as lately in southern Missouri, when work is scarce, armed bands of whites try to expel all the blacks from the district to prevent their securing any of the wage money which—again it seems like divine right—belongs to the whites. Is the trouble that the Negro won't work or that he will?

Since the Negro can be made to work—by the pinch of necessity—just how to pinch him is really the problem most people are working at. His easy-going disposition and the genuine simplicity of his wants make it hard to nip him, unless you are willing to educate and train him to a point where his needs and desires, his standard of living, begin to approximate those of the whites. In a cold climate and in the slums of a great city you can pinch people more easily—the unemployed of New York or Boston or Chicago are most of them really looking for work, there is no need for the employer to elevate them—poverty with its scourge stands always lurking round the corner ready to drive them to toil. But in the climates where for

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the most part of the year rags and tatters only mean greater coolness and better ventilation, and vegetables come when you scratch the ground, and fish jump into your mouth if you sleep with it wide open, it is extraordinarily hard for anyone with a taste for either pleasure or philosophy to see the need of working. Hence the need of pinching.

It is ridiculous, if you like, that a coal-black young man should want to dress in white flannels, or that a young negress should aspire to play the piano and paint in water-colors. But it is hard for the dispassionate to see that it is criminal. And unquestionably someone must do some work to be able to buy the finery and finance the folly. There are a great number of critics of the Negro who would appear to think that every advance in the standard of living means merely robbing more of the white man's hen-coops. But a moment's serious thought would convince anyone that this is, economically speaking, wild and rather silly talk. The Negro's work is apt enough to be ineffective, "trifling" and "sketchy" in character, but for all that it *is* work which puts balances to his credit in savings banks all through the South, builds his small new houses in the black settlements, and buys the white flannels and the pianos and the water-color paints. It is quite open to anyone, whether he be actuated by kindly feelings for the Negro or by distaste for him, to try to educate him to the point of seeing that elegant costume and art are not the first necessities of a developing race (if indeed it be true that they are not), but if you want a race to work you must give it something to work for, besides the approbation of its superiors.

This is what must be considered in all discussions concerning the education of the Negro. Can you arouse ambition and then, as it were, direct it along the level or even earthwards? If you can, then all is well; the Negro may be made at once more industrious and more satisfied with nothing, again bending a willing neck to the yoke as he did, so they say, in the happy days of slavery. Or is it not quite true, that lovely legend? Did he, even before the war, aspire? If he did, it seems almost hopeless to try to cure him of the habit now.

A leading Negro-baiting Senator from the Carolinas went close to the heart of many educational questions when he warned an audience that it was impossible any longer to keep "learning" from the blacks. "As soon as one nigger has learned anything he can go and hide behind the stumps and whisper it to another!" The picture is so flattering a one of the colored race's passion for education that at least every Negro would be glad to accept it. But those whites who want a hard and fast educational danger-line drawn, over which no Negro can step, may take the declaration as one of failure by a gentleman who had done his best in repression.

The Negro is constantly reproached with his over-anxiety to acquire "literary" training. And the reproach is probably just. Perhaps he will get over it. Perhaps he has a gift that way. Perhaps in the twenty-first century it will be black colleges that will keep Greek in the curriculum. There is no appalling possibility which frightened whites ought not to teach themselves to contemplate, if they are honest in their constantly expressed fears of how far too far the black man wants to go.

There is always plenty of discussion about the black race, many people enthusiastic to keep him in his place and many others equally anxious to pull him out of it. One feels sometimes in Laodicea that no one stops to consider and appraise him, dispassionately, as he really is. Might it not serve us a little to think of him as we should think of such a race in a foreign land where we had gone to enjoy ourselves?

The Negro is the most highly colored note in the American scene. Sticking a flower behind his ear and whistling gaily as he goes about his idleness, he is the south incarnate. Not just our United States South, but the whole south that stretches towards the Equator and believes that music and happiness and sunshine and love and a full belly are more to be desired than all the pale frugality of the reluctant and arid north. American life—like American humor—is dry. The national picture needs all the unction, all the fatness that a disgraceful charming race like the blacks can add to it. The Negro has already given us the only national music we possess. And his love of color is a thing to be as grateful for as we are for the same quality in the Sicilian or the Andalusian. His genuine delight in long words, in the exuberant and elegant effects to be produced with the vocabulary of King James's Version, may make him in some future day the sacred custodian of English when slang and the newspaper language have entirely supplanted the beautiful old tongue in white mouths.

A lady who recently gave a handsome contribution for an industrial school for Negroes said lightly, "Yes, I think I must help the Negroes; they laugh so much."

From the point of view which these articles would urge she uttered a profound truth, made a gay but solid contribution to life's philosophy. To laugh—especially to laugh *so much*—is to do something which needs doing in every community, in every nation. And if people will not laugh unless they are occasionally idle, occasionally unreliable, occasionally black and even occasionally

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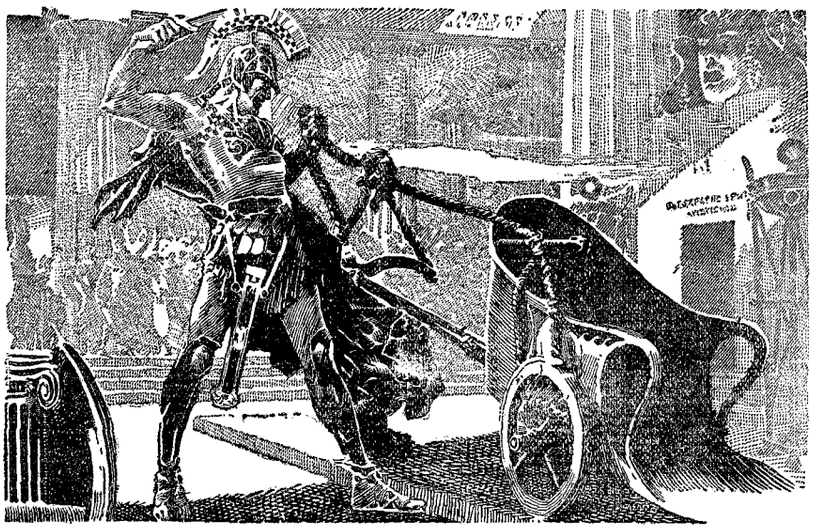

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bad, is it not possible that they had better sometimes be all these things? There is a sort of broad and genial way of viewing a nation and a country by which it might be said that we should not be so pleasant a people nor so agreeable a land were the niggers not among us. All these things should be thought of—both the devil and the black man should get their due. As has been said—and it is hoped said strongly—no one nowadays is asked to indulge in the old sentimentality about the black man being his brother. But it may be pointed out that it is often possible to like someone who is not a relative. The old sentimentality is a relic of the days when we honestly believed that all men were born free and equal. Now in these troubled days of the twentieth century, with clouded horizons and the social revolution like a mirage before us, we may still love humanity while we deny its freedom and only hope for its equality in some future day. Is it not possible, in the interests both of black man and of white, to leave unsettled the question of the black's equality and his destiny, and meanwhile to appreciate his suave good-natured contribution to our national tone? And not to become too enthusiastic about not giving him his chance?

HARRISON RHODES.

The New Poland

ONE of the most significant events this year in European politics is the resurrection of the kingdom of Poland by the Central Empires. To be sure nothing has eventuated beyond the solemn pledge on the part of the German and Austrian governments to maintain and support against all outside interference an autonomous monarchical state in Poland. The boundaries are not yet fixed and nothing very definite has been said in regard to the relationship between the new kingdom and its sponsors. The truly significant fact is that the step should have been taken at this time. Obviously the Central Empires are anxious to enlist on their behalf the serious coöperation of the Polish nation. Nothing short of the actual publication of their intentions would suffice. The Poles have had too many unfortunate experiences with pledges and promises to be willing to risk any action based upon them. But clearly the two empires believe that this public pledge to support the Poles in the organization of a government for Poland will mean a definite willingness of the Poles to sustain the Central Powers in their struggle for victory against the Allies. Clearly the new kingdom will depend for its continued existence upon the victory of its sponsors.

In all probability, too, there is in this new act a very decided desire to confront the Allies at the peace conference when the war comes to a close, with an accomplished fact, with a kingdom not *in posse* but *in esse*. If the Central Powers are the victors, as they expect to be, the creation of a kingdom of Poland, of a strategic unit in the path of Russia, of a buffer state between the Central Powers and Russia across whose unfortunate body the Russians must tramp to obtain access to the Central Powers—this will not be a subject for bargaining, the result for which the Central Powers must pay a price. It will be a part of the status quo at the end of the war, which the Central Powers will of course expect to be paid for altering. On the other hand, it will give the Central Powers an immensely valuable pawn to exchange for something even more essential to them than the removal of Warsaw and strategic approaches to Berlin and Vienna from the grasp of the Russian military and administrative system. So valuable will it be to the Central Powers to keep that strategic control out of Russian hands and so imperative do the Russians regard the retention of that control that the Allies would be expected to pay liberally for that concession.

In addition, if the Allies win, and if they insist in the interests of Russia upon the dissolution of the new kingdom, they will then incur the blame of liberals throughout the world for destroying a nation and for robbing a people of freedom who have from any theoretical point of view as definitely a right to it as the Belgians, the Serbians, or any other of the small nations of Europe. Indeed, it would not be difficult to argue that the past history of the Polish nation, its many services to Germany, Austria, and Russia, its past treaty relations with France, make more incumbent upon the Allies the recognition of its freedom than that of any other state desirous of attaining it. Thus to do violence to the Allies' own protestations about nationality and freedom, to that principle upon which the reorganization of Europe is to be based, would be difficult in the extreme, and would make apparent the fact which the Central Powers are very anxious the world should see, that the practical expedients of the Allies for the rearrangement of the European situation in their favor do not precisely coincide with their protestations about the principle of nationality and democracy.

No doubt also the Central Powers are expecting by the creation of this kingdom of Poland to sow

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discord in the ranks of the Allies at the end of the war. France has long been morally pledged to the support of Polish freedom; the English ministers and people have always expressed enthusiasm for it during the various Polish revolutions of the nineteenth century; the very clear consonance of the Polish demands with the theoretical conceptions of popular government in both countries makes it extremely difficult for either to sustain in the popular chamber any policy which denies the validity of Polish independence. Above all, both nations are only less afraid of Russia than they are of Germany. Once the Central Empires are weakened to prevent a repetition of the present war, the power of Russia in central Europe will be immensely increased and will threaten not only the position of Germany and Austria, but also England's control of the Baltic and the general status of France in Europe. Neither of the latter countries have formerly been anxious to advance Russian interests. To do violence therefore to their own convictions, to decline publicly propositions favorably entertained by their own people for the purpose of strengthening a Russia already too strong, would be a policy hardly likely to meet approval. It seems probable that the Central Empires are counting therefore upon the interests France and England obviously possess to oppose the westward march of Russia, to uphold a new kingdom of Poland, which would also, in case the Central Empires are defeated, provide them with a very necessary element of safety against the new Russia.

But such a kingdom of Poland must be a reality and not a fiction, a real state and not a paper government. The plans announced by the Central Empires reveal the fact that they believe the end of the war to be as yet far off. They feel that there is time, ample time, for the organization by the Poles of a kingdom which would be a fact indeed. A constitution is to be made; an administration must be created; grave questions of law must be decided; the extent to which Russian law is to be superseded or Polish customs revived; the extent to which Roman law in its French or German form can be successfully introduced; the type of administrative tradition to be employed; the exact variant of the parliamentary system to be erected; the personality of the new soveregn to be determined. The wording of the decree assumes that these steps are on the whole to be taken by the Poles themselves, and there can be of course no doubt that the whole-hearted support of the vast majority of the Poles is absolutely essential and must at all costs be secured. It must moreover be so manifested to the public mind in England, France, and America, that the moral inhibitions against the overthrow of the kingdom will become as powerful as the interests of the Central Empires demand.

The real difficulty in the path of the creation of such an entity is the question of boundaries. The Poles are more than likely to demand the inclusion in the new kingdom of all districts in the possession of the Central Empires in which the Polish population predominates. These include large districts which have been German and Austrian for many decades, and which control in addition exceedingly important strategic areas, in particular Cracow and a portion of Galicia, and the important districts around Posen and Thorn. Shall these be given over to the Poles and added to what has already been seized from Russia in order to create an entity with which the Poles themselves will be thoroughly enough satisfied to secure for the new kingdom their whole-hearted support and avoid the very grave difficulty of creating a party of irreconcilables at the outset? On the other hand, if this dilemma is avoided one almost equally insuperable is created. For the Germans to put Posen and Thorn, and for the Austrians to put Cracow into the hands of a Polish state of dubious efficiency and capacity, would be seriously to weaken the military frontiers, perhaps to offset the real military value of taking Warsaw from the Russians. The Polish state might be unable in any reasonable number of years to acquire enough military and administrative capacity to prevent its speedy collapse should the Russians attack it in earnest. Naturally such a war would be fought in eastern Poland and the collapse of the armies there would at once throw into Russian hands the strategic approaches to Berlin and Vienna. There are also strong German minorities in these districts which would of course object to being abandoned, and which would have the sympathy of their own countrymen.

There is the even more serious issue of the relationship between the new kingdom and its sponsors. If it becomes really independent and decides its own military issues, administrative problems, and international policy, Germany and Austria are then depending upon its ability and strength, and, should those qualities be lacking, will be perhaps as much exposed to Russian assault as they were before the war. On the other hand, if the military organization and the foreign policy of the new state are really to be handled from Berlin and Vienna in order that they may be sufficiently capable to protect both the state and its sponsors, the new Poland will not be an independent state, but practically a province of Germany and Austria with autonomy and local administration. This will hardly fulfill the glowing pictures of liberty which

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the Poles have conceived. So much was practically offered by the Russians during the revolutions in the 'sixties and was repudiated with scorn and contumely. It is probable that the Poles will accept from the Central Empires to-day nothing short of complete independence, which it is no more expedient for the Central Empires to grant than it has seemed to the Russians. These are grave issues of the utmost significance, not only for the future of Europe at the end of the war, but for the coming months of its continuance.

ROLAND G. USHER.

CORRESPONDENCE

As to Bertrand Russell

SIR: In a recent number of THE NEW REPUBLIC reference was made to a rumor that the British government had refused passports for America to Mr. Bertrand Russell and myself. May I say that, while this rumor is well founded as regards my friend Bertrand Russell, it is not so as regards myself. The government have not refused me a passport, because, for reasons into which I need not now enter, I have not asked for one.

But if, when I do so, the government grant to me what they have refused Mr. Russell, it will be, I am afraid, because my opinions happen to be perhaps a little more in accord with those of the government than are Mr. Russell's; or because my views do not matter. The principle of the government's action, then, is this: "If your views happen to agree with ours—or do not matter—we will give you facilities for discussing them; otherwise we will use our powers to prevent your discussing them"—a line of conduct so derogatory to the traditions of English freedom that it makes an English Liberal ashamed to profit by his political orthodoxy.

This act of petty tyranny in making it impossible for a philosopher of international reputation to fulfil an engagement to lecture on Logic and Ethics in the premier American university is but a part, and by no means the most serious part, of the systematic persecution of which Mr. Russell and others have been the victims.

I should hesitate to write thus in a foreign paper did I not feel that it would be the very worst service to a cause which I happen to have very much at heart—that of closer Anglo-American understanding and coöperation—to attempt to slur over or minimize what is now happening in England in the way of the suppression of intellectual freedom.

For if that suppression continues there will be eliminated in the formation of English policy just those influences of Liberalism which alone can make possible an Anglo-American coöperation to international ends. If in public discussion the Russells and Dickinsons and Hobsons are suppressed while the Maxses and Bottomleys are encouraged; if, in other words, the public hear only one side and that the side of violence and reaction, inevitably there will grow up a temper which will finally compel the Greys and Balfours to give place to the Carsons and the Curzons.

It is important for Americans to realize both the extent to which this tyranny is growing in England and the extent to which it is being resented. (The resistance to it includes, by the way, if widespread rumor has any truth, ele-

MODERN DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

November 10, 1916.

To the bookstalls this A. M., where I discovered a book which I did peruse with great delight.

To my extraordinary content, I found that the Memoirs of Samuel Pepys have been deemed of sufficient excellence to receive attention in this time of unusual haste.

Moreover, I was heartily amused to find that the parts now singled out for attention are those for which Lord Braybrooke made apologies in that Preface with which he graced the first edition of my Memoirs. I now call to mind his words to the effect that he retained the theatrical notices at the risk of fatiguing those readers who have no taste for concerns of the drama.

It is now apparent that he might have spared that solicitude. Increasing years have gained them greater rather than less commendation, and no playhouse audiences since have been witnesses to progress comparable to that with which we were indulged.

Nor did I fully recall until this modern scholar had brought it to my attention, how regular was my attendance at the theatres of the day, how wide my acquaintance among the actors (and to my delight, I may add, among the actresses) of the time and how general my familiarity with the dramas.

Moreover, this scholar has executed a surprisingly good plan, and with originality. (To my greater astonishment, to be accounted for by the progress among women in these modern days, I find it to be the work of a lady.) Not only has she culled out all that relates to plays from my great Memoirs, but added to this she has made notations, footnoted to my work from like sayings of Downes, Langbaine and John Evelyn. (I may add they gain nothing from proximity to my more enlivening remarks.) But, be that as it may, this new work appeals to me. It is no task to read—in fact, it stimulates to further reading; yet no one can accuse it of any lack of scholarship.

I may add that the prints are excellently chosen, though methinks the portrait of Nell Gwyn does not do her justice.

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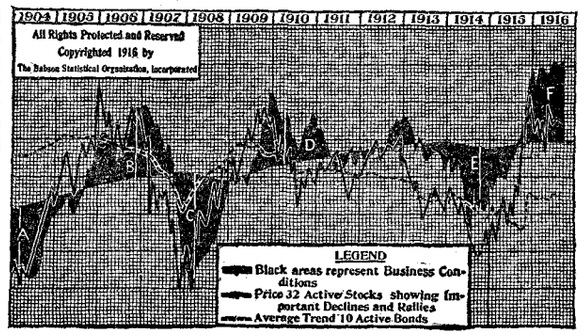
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ments in the government that acquiesce in these tyrannies only for purposes of Cabinet solidarity, and then with very bad grace.)

If it should appear to American opinion that the whole English democracy is accepting readily an extension of military authority which enables the War Office on its own initiative so to control Mr. Russell's movements as to prevent his lectures in England (I am referring to an incident quite other than the refusal of a passport) you may be sure that your own militarists will use that acquiescence to justify some similar control over American opinion; and the adoption of such principles by "the great democracy of the west" will in its turn be used by British reactionaries as an argument for still further extension of military powers here. Our respective legislations react on each other in this way more than is the case with any other two states.

The unmistakable condemnation by American liberals of the kind of thing of which Mr. Russell has been the victim will strengthen the hands of those now resisting in Europe the gradual creation of a kind of New Holy Office for Inquisition into Political Heresy. The acquisition of such powers by European governments would finally mean European policies so reactionary that sooner or later they would be bound to be a source of danger and disturbance to American peace and security. American interest in this resistance to the Prussianization of Allied opinion is, therefore, a very direct one.

NORMAN ANGELL.

London, England.

Lynchings and Law's Delay

SIR: In spite of the effort in your "Will-to-Lynch" article of October 14th to show that "insufficiency or dilatoriness of justice" are not the causes of the "Will-to-Lynch," and that "it springs directly from that old despising of the servile race," I continue to believe that the law's delays are the chief cause. You say the prisoner at Waco had been duly convicted and sentenced, but how many dilatory motions and stays does the law permit between sentence and execution?

Whipping never cured a rearing horse but if he can seem to collide with a club descending on his head the moment he rises there is hope of a cure.

We must all wish success to the national association for the advance of colored people, but I have always wanted to know the facts as to repetitions of the same offense in the identically small community where the lynching took place, bearing in mind that this class of illiterate colored people do not read of the lynchings in neighboring communities.

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The New
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Fall Literary Review

A Note on Criticism

WHAT rules have we for literature to-day? What standard are we to apply to our writers? In days gone by many eminent men have asked this question; it is still troubling the vestrymen of letters. The search for a "true criterion of criticism" has never ceased. It is the quest of sincere men to whom literature is a term for that which is most high and treasurable. They cannot leave literary judgment to the "irresponsibility of pure temperament." They counsel "the work of ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness."

This demand for a true criterion, a standard by which things can be certainly judged, is a maddening demand to some men of mettle. They do not need to be told that anarchy is dangerous, that one man's liberty is another man's license. They have only one answer to make to the priesthood of culture: "We must be free or die." But the demand for a criterion—how does it arise? And if it is questionable, what is the price of disregarding it? For, like all well organized demands, it is fortified by ominous apprehensions.

The prevalence of bad taste, the success of charlatans, the vogue of jimcrackery, is one great occasion of the demand for a criterion. Say a girl prefers the Cleopatra of Rider Haggard to the Cleopatra of Shakespeare or the Cleopatra of Shaw. It has been known to happen, it is a fair example of "the irresponsibility of pure temperament." How, without the application of the antique lash, is the young lady to be re-formed? Is she to be let cite her "personality"? Surely not. She has no more right to obey her so-called personality than a baby has a right to eat the alarm clock. Deprecate this business of mere attractiveness, says the professor. Bring on a criterion. Stretch the young lady out to Shakesperian lengths on the rack of culture. Tweak her taste. This is one way that standards come into existence, because of some fastidiousness or sun-worship on the part of some solicitous outsider. And there is always a docile person who tries to live up to every standard that was ever invented. In every village they bring forward a meek youth with one of those admirable cumulous foreheads and tell you that he read "The Stones of Venice" before the age of eleven. But exciting as the circumstances may be in which the demand for a criterion arises, and exciting the efforts to approximate it, the tragedy of the incident is that the criterion cannot really satisfy the occasion. The love returns most to the lover, and the standard to the standardizer.

Against bad taste and jimcrackery there can be no absolute criteria. There can only, in the end, be the *responsibility* of pure temperament. The irresponsible temperament is, of course, a known phenomenon. "Wholesome" boys are spanked every day for reading detective stories which delight Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes and Paul Elmer More. What Harold Bell Wright does for one irresponsible social stratum, Winston Churchill does for another and possibly Edith Wharton for another. In judging these affairs it is no use for critics to seek a criterion. There is no rule. At best there is a wide principle as to temperament and culture itself.

In "Democracy and Education" culture has been defined by John Dewey as "the capacity for constantly expanding in range and accuracy one's perception of meanings." In so far as Harold Bell Wright or Edith Wharton or Winston Churchill or Rider Haggard conspire to falsify "one's perception of meanings," they lower the possibility of literature. But, granted the wrong kind of young lady, Shakespeare's Cleopatra might just as well distort her perception of meanings as the colorful work of Mr. Haggard. Similarly in regard to penny-dreadfuls. If, as may be suspected, they give undue excitement to Paul Elmer More, it is he who needs a reminder as to the true meaning of culture, and not the avid child who can digest literary green apples where later he won't be able to stand the delicate monstrosities of Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

Those who ask for "standards" with the plaintiveness of conservative literary critics have a faith in logic abandoned even by modern lawyers. In a lecture of radiant intelligence delivered a full generation ago Justice Holmes remarked: "It is

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something to show that the consistency of a system requires a particular result, but it is not all. The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories, intuitions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even the prejudices which judges share with their fellowmen, have had a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed." The syllogism would be found to have still less to do with rules of criticism than with rules of law.

The first function of the critic is to experience. His destiny is to be used by society as an experiment station. His experience is an emotional one, if the work is aesthetic, and one cannot be secured from "error" in it by reason. The effect itself is outside reason, and reason only comes in when one decides how to value the experience, to interpret it, to decide for future reference as to its being desirable or undesirable, and as to its having arisen from a source to be praised or not. Does the experience expand "one's perception of meanings"? Is it likely to expand others'? On that interpretation, that decision, the critic naturally lavishes every gift he possesses. To live appreciatively in the world requires perspective. He takes historical considerations into account. He takes into sharp account the human agent of the accomplishment before him, his reconcilability or irreconcilability to his task. His own susceptibility to the kind of work before him the critic seeks as well to estimate. If he is out of humor with an author, as Isolde might be out of humor with Tristan, he leaves him critically alone, as Isolde would leave Tristan alone, provided she was out of humor in that fashion. And if the critic recognizes an undue affection for the work, as sometimes happens when the author is a close friend, or benefactor, or beneficiary, he declines to criticize. He is supposed to be disinterested and impartial, to transcribe his experience honestly, to proffer it as guidance on which the outsider can rely. If he belies his emotion he is worse than a surgeon who sews up sponges in his patients, worse than a shipowner who wipes out the Plimsoll line.

Because experience is the basis of all criticism, it is idle to posit any principle which does not comport with experience. A person asks, "Am I right in liking this book?" The book may be corrosive as poison, yet the "rightness" of liking it cannot be questioned. You like or you do not like. To govern your taste, to learn to un-like, may be desirable. But there can be no valuable criterion based on the hypothesis that you ought to like, or ought not to like, certain books.

If the critic follows his taste he is as useful as the bee is to the flowers. The plant secretes nectar for its own use, we are told, and would secret nectar were there no bees. But "it remains a fact that bees tap them, and it is probable that these visits of the bees have, in the course of ages, had some selective influence on the plants." There is, in addition, cross-pollination by bees, and the tentative remark that there is "a long inclined plane of adaptiveness, some bees being much fitter flower-visitors than others, and some flowers making much more of the bees than do others." The analogy is not too inept.

Have critics no larger function than to stimulate and fertilize; to "caress their predilections as warrant of 'insight' and 'sympathy'"? It sounds unimportant. But the chief constituent of social efficiency Mr. Dewey has said, is "intelligent sympathy or good will. For sympathy as a desirable quality is something more than mere feeling; it is a cultivated imagination for what men have in common and a rebellion at whatever unnecessarily divides them." Such cultivated imagination has to be the critic's, on the plane that is literature's. The men who deprecate this as a basis for judgment take an exceedingly shallow view of cultivated imagination. No criterion would help to overcome such fundamental timidity.

Rebecca West on Henry James

Henry James, by Rebecca West. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

OF Henry James's "Little Tour in France" Rebecca West writes, "Yet whenever Mr. James has to note some detail in his description of French towns which refers to the life which has formed them, the reader's fury mounts. It is horrible that his references to the Franco-Prussian War should be faintly jocular, and one burns with shame for them until one comes to an amazing sentence about the French Revolution, in which it is plainly implied that the rightness and necessity of that declaration of the principle of freedom are still debatable questions. One perceives with relief that he said these things because . . . his strong sight of the thing that is was accompanied by blindness to the thing that has been."

Miss West says of Henry James as a critic: "But he is always entirely lacking in that necessary element of great criticism, the capacity for universal reference. The eye that judges a work of art should have surveyed the whole human field, so that it can tell from what clay this precious thing was made, in what craftsman's cot that trick of fashioning was learned, what natural beauty suggested to the creative impulse this appropriate form, what human institution helped or hindered its making."

In "The Sacred Fount" Miss West finds "a respect for the mere gross largeness and expensiveness of the country house which almost makes one write the author Mr. Jeames. . . ."

"It had hitherto been his grimly expressed opinion," Miss West says of the novels and tales written before

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"The Tragic Muse," that "'the life of woman is essentially an affair of private relations,' and he had refused to dramatize in his imagination anything concerning women save their failures and successes as sexual beings; which is like judging a cutlet not by its flavor, but by the condition of its pink-paper frill. That time had gone."

These quotations establish the point of view from which Rebecca West looks at Henry James. She understands and resents his lack of interest in history and politics and evolution. She misunderstands and resents his love of English country houses. She forgives his attitude toward women only because she thinks he altered it about the year 1890. Of course she is quite mistaken. Except in the short stories which concern themselves with the art of letters, Henry James after 1890 imagined women chiefly in "their failures or successes as sexual beings." And it was in men's relation to women that he chiefly imagined men. Here was the great subject of his later years, although he naturally never thought of calling it people's "failures or successes as sexual beings." He preferred to call it "the great constringent human relation between man and woman," and he preferred to imagine it "at once at its maximum and as the relation most worth while in life for either party."

What kind of book about Henry James would you expect from a vivid and eager young radical, whose own interest in politics and history is prodigious, who has a keen appetite for almost every kind of life except the life lived in English country houses, and who detests, with all her many gifts of detestation, the predominance of sex in the relations of men and women? You would do well not to expect a delineative book, which defines Henry James with a portrait-painter's hand, or a luminously expository book, which makes him plainer to readers who could not understand for themselves.

Miss West has given us neither of these things. One would have been astonished if she had, and yet not more astonished, I think, than one is by the book she has actually written, which with all its brilliant arrogance and cockiness, with all its impatience at the difference between yesterday's mode and to-day's, with all its failures in sympathy and in understanding—there is an amazingly unperceiving passage about "The Awkward Age"—does glow with such a beauty of admiration for Henry James that one gets the strongest incentive to read him all over again.

"And so," Miss West says, "with the beginning of his second period of genius, the reading of Mr. James ceased to give us the companionship of the gentle, very pleasant American who seemed homeless but quite serene, as though he were tired of living in his boxes, but on the other hand was very fond of traveling, that we had grown to like in his books of the eighties. He went away and sent no letter; but instead, with a lavishness one would never have suspected from his uneasy bearing, sent a succession of jewels, great globed jewels of experience, from which marvellously conceived characters gave out their milky gleams or fiery rays." After some merely smart hits at ritualists she stops and begins again. "But there is a story by Henry James called The Altar of the Dead, rejected again and again by the caste of cretins who edit the magazines and reviews of this unhappy country, although of so perfect a beauty that one can read every separate paragraph every day of one's life for the music of the sentences and the loveliness of the presented images, which takes ritual from the trembling hands of the coped old men and exhibits it as something that those who love the natural frame of things and hate superstition need not fear to accept."

"Loveliness of the presented images," if Miss West had not used it of Henry James, would certainly be said of her own writing. She has the really imaginative writer's abundance and happiness of metaphor: "But for all the exquisiteness of 'Daisy Miller' there were discernible in it certain black lines which, like the dark veinings in a crocus that foretells its decay, showed that this was a loveliness which was in the very act of passing." A page without metaphor is as rare as a page without wit. Herbert Spencer "wrote as though he were the offspring of two *Times* leaders." Often the wit and the metaphor are united: "The Europeans" "marks the first time when Mr. James took the international situation as a joke, and he could joke very happily in those days when his sentence was a straight young thing that could run where it liked, instead of a delicate creature swathed in relative clauses as an invalid in shawls."

Miss West's book has wit and beauty and intelligence and stupidity. It has hardly more than a scrap of anything you could call insight. You would never learn from it that Henry James's life was among other things a long discarding of naïveté. You would never learn from it that his books were a series of attempts to put his newer ideas of distinction and its opposite into the place once occupied by his earliest ideas of right and wrong. Some day Miss West will find her real subject. But, being only twenty-four, she need not hurry.

PHILIP LITTELL.

His Opposite Sex

Portraits of Women, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

IN some literary collections, as in some social gatherings, your first emotion is curiosity to know which of your friends are there—who has been invited, and who has been left out, and why.

At first sight Mr. Bradford's method of selection is obscure, for among those present are such different types as Mrs. Pepys, Miss Burney and Eugénie de Guérin. But presently the reader sees that a guiding principle has been followed, and a very good one too; the author selects the women about whom there is plenty of material available—more than he can use. Would that all biographers were equally self-denying! The book is worth reading were it for two anecdotes alone; Henry Taylor's reproof to Lady Holland for sneering at Wordsworth: "Let me beg you to believe, Lady Holland, that this has not been the sort of thing to say about Wordsworth's poetry for the last ten years." And Madame Du Deffand's, "I don't know why Diogenes went looking for a man; nothing could happen to him worse than to find one."

But like many collectors of objets d'art, Mr. Bradford is more fortunate in choosing his treasures than in presenting them. You are continually surprised that one so keen in his appreciation of wit in others is not more pungent in his own comment. "When women condemn," he announcing gravely, "one expects men to praise." He exclaims over the "vagaries of the human heart"; describes some sexless reaction as "delightfully feminine"; and worries not a little over what he considers Jane Austen's cynicism.

Indeed he is less at ease with Jane Austen than with any of his other ladies. He tries to be just to her, but the lightness of her wit shocks him far more than Madame Du Def-

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fand's liaison with the Regent, under which he bears up pretty well. He tells us that Miss Austen's mocking had "much ill-nature in it," and though he adds later something about her "warm, loving, hoping, earnest heart," you know he is just whistling to keep up his courage.

Fortunately for him he does not always take in the full wickedness of her intentions. He quotes a sentence of hers which he asserts is a slap at the higher education of women, but which most people interpret as a slap at something which Mr. Bradford holds a good deal more sacred, namely Man. "A woman," he quotes, "especially if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can." There he stops; there, perhaps, he has always been in the habit of closing the volume of Northanger Abbey. For the next sentence runs as follows:

> "The advantages of natural folly in a beautiful girl have already been set forth by the pen of a sister author; and to her treatment of the subject I will only add, in justice to men, that though to the larger and more trifling part of the sex, imbecility in females is a great enhancement of their personal charms, there is a portion of them too reasonable and too well informed themselves to desire anything more in women than ignorance."

This would give pain to Mr. Bradford, because, like so many writers about women, he takes the position of his own sex with some solemnity, and says in the preface that the obvious result of the revolution in the position of women, and perhaps its "principal effect is in moulding the life, character and habits of man."

The most serious criticism of the book is that it is rather a collection of anecdotes than of portraits. No one really interested, for example, in setting forth Lady Wortley Montagu would give only two lines to her introduction of inoculation into Europe, and half a page to discussing whether or not her prolonged residence in Italy indicated a coldness in her domestic relations. Even the most condensed medical histories accord more recognition than this to Lady Mary's heroic struggle against the bitter medical prejudices of her day.

But, so that I may not be classed with those feminine mockers whom Mr. Bradford so deeply fears, I hasten to add that the book is an agreeable, readable piece of work, in spite of its light blue cover and gilded fan, full of good things about women in whom most educated persons feel a lively interest.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

A Melancholy Pole

Joseph Conrad, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

LIKE danger and disease Conrad has a way of trying one out. Is it that, like them, he challenges the warrior spirit? Is it that he rouses the habitually unconscious? Sooner or later in any case he seems to make his critics disclose something rather intimate, rather confessional. He has provoked Mr. Wells into letting out against his "florid mental gestures." And he has provoked Mr. Walpole into naming "ironic melancholy" his sense that the spirit's victories, while they are all that matter in this "purely spectacular universe," are usually unostentatious and require for much joy in them a proud self-confidence. "In almost every case," Mr. Walpole writes, "his subjects are concerned with unequal combats—unequal to his own far-seeing vision but never to the human souls engaged in them, and it is this consciousness of the blindness that renders men's honesty and heroism of so little account that gives occasion for his irony." "It is surely," Mr. Walpole insists, "Conrad's harshest limitation that he should never be free from this certain obsession of the vanity of human struggle." "The Nigger of the Narcissus" is Conrad's "only happy book," because "he is able, for a moment, to forget his distrust, his dread, his inherent ironical pessimism."

One does not exactly want to hurry Mr. Walpole—let him keep on a while longer emphasizing that "it is impossible to imagine Conrad choosing as the character of a story jolly, independent souls who take life for what it gives them and leave defeat or victory to the stars." But one wants him sooner or later to be more acutely—and perhaps gratefully—conscious of Conrad's indomitable confidence in man's spirit as in an elemental force. Man can be in himself, as Conrad sees him, arrogantly superior to the rewards of "the stars." Conrad is not melancholy when he writes of "the continuity and the force that can be found only in a moral principle." Why should this way of rating the spirit seem ironic and distrustful to Mr. Walpole? Why is he not already more aware of how exultant Mr. Conrad really is, when he ends "Victory" and almost ends "Chance" with the triumph of the spirit, its success in gaining love when it puts off circumstance and convention and meets life bare and unashamed? Conrad compels the true spring of human feeling to rise clear and unperturbed. There is really something fundamentally very "jolly and independent" about that!

Mr. Walpole might protest—disconcertingly—that after all he is only saying Conrad is not Shakespeare, who could fit clowns into his tragedies and grant us much sheer carelessness, and that when one is thinking of masterpieces, one ought to be definite about limitations. Yet one would still retort to Mr. Walpole that, whether he intends to or not, he seems oppressed, as if he felt the altitude, and that he does not mention how much mountain-climbers really enjoy themselves. Is he perhaps just a little lazy?

And why does he give this effect in other ways too of grudging Conrad positive pleasure? He never mentions Conrad's self-confident pride as a creator and a worker. And he does not make much of the intensity of Conrad's experience as after all enjoyable. The way Conrad plunges deep has made his bodies as alive as his souls. All the senses are made vigorous and alert in his writings and the reader is not made to distrust and recoil. Conrad has such feeling for the push of life, for the push of the unconscious, that his own being alive must be exciting. What sense of vanity, what distrust and dread, would make him declare that "a man possessed of passion is not a bankrupt in life?"

One thoroughly likes and admires Mr. Walpole, however, when he praises Conrad's art as a fellow-craftsman. He so finely feels Conrad's creation of living beings, of characters who live both before and after his books. He makes sensitive discriminations, too, about the supreme convincingness of the men of the sea. And he has generous perceptions of the vastness of Conrad's world, of the "planet" he has created, and of the poetic vision which merges separate scenes into a universal life.

Mr. Walpole's pleasure in Conrad's style is particularly inspiriting. At its best, he tells us, we are "under the influence of something that can have no limits to the splendors that it contains. The work is thick, as though

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it had been wrought by the finest workman out of the heart of the finest material—and yet it remains, through all its discipline, spontaneous."

This study of "A Modern Author by a Modern Author" surely does what it should. It gives the general reader new perceptions and added zest. His way of sharing the artist's effort Mr. Walpole makes as contagious as possible. And a malicious reader can remark how a novelist giving criticism hurls a boomerang. This book will make one more watchful of Mr. Walpole. He is fine about his *métier*, but how far will he go with what seem like Public-School boy shynesses? Perhaps it is a real misfortune that Conrad makes him uncomfortable as soon as he shows in his Polish way too much enthusiasm about the soul of man. One is puzzled and regretful, because Hugh Walpole in his own novels has given such promise of some day disturbing settled people, of some day creating character even more earthly and more universal than Maradick at forty listening to Pan's pipes.

EDITH BORIE.

Cruelty and Confidence

A Sheaf, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

"ONCE admit that we have the right to inflict unnecessary suffering and you have destroyed the very basis of human society, as we know it in this age."

Quoted from a speech of Mr. John Galsworthy's made in Kensington Town Hall in 1913, this is a characteristic passage from his collection of writings entitled "A Sheaf." Sprung from the seed of a wide national sympathy of the author's many of the sprays of the sheaf have come to flower for the special use of some public occasion—the appearance of a government report, the founding of a hospital, the urgent need of the passage of a law, or of its enforcement. Satires, dialogues, addresses, essays, letters to the press, the compositions of the volume are in many forms. But if they are gathered together somewhat at random as the author says, they yet compose with grace from a likeness of topic and tone.

"Not even freedom in itself brings happiness," the author elsewhere tells us. "Happiness lies in breadth of heart. And breadth of heart is that inward freedom which has the power to understand, feel with and, if need be, help others." The tone of the several contributions of the volume is the tone of that inward freedom. Their likeness of topic lies in the fact that in a certain large sense they are all the pleas of an advocate for the dumb—not only for the dumb among animals, but for those multitudes of human beings deprived of their own speech in the world's court, by their poverty, by their disenfranchisement, or imprisonment or oppression.

The book will be of intense interest to every American concerned in the contemporary civilization and honor of his own nation. It treats with knowledge, imagination and humor, the subject which is, in my own view at least, the most important consideration before our whole country to-day. Cruelty. It brings that subject before us at a time when we especially need to think of our own national conduct in this respect. In my own observation the most debasing effect of the European war upon us has been its tendency to make us forget in a Pharasaical contemplation of the brutalities performed by countries at war, the degraded atrocities committed by ourselves in our peace.

Why do we endure having our fellow-citizens lynched with torments exceeding in horror any torture devised by the Germans or the English against their enemies in battle? Why do we drown and crush and suffocate hundreds of men, women and children in a government-inspected vessel without daring, or indeed caring, to lift a finger in their defense? Why do we yearly murder and maim in our industries many thousands of laborers? Why do we employ helpless girls and boys in postures and occupations and exposed situations crippling their whole futures? Why do we permit all the lawless barbarities to dumb animals which are the commonplaces of every city to-day—all that sea of endless crazy beatings and over-loadings that sweeps over and degrades a commonwealth accustomed from childhood to the mean sight of needless suffering wantonly inflicted?

A profound answer to all these questions may be found in "A Sheaf." For the reply is not to be sought in a formula, but in an analysis of the varied social forces which cause men and women to acquiesce in the offensive oppression of others. Lack of spirit. The petty haltings and gentilities of "liberals." Poverty of imagination. Feeling these causes present in one's own nature, one realizes as one reads "A Sheaf" that all the author has to say in analyzing the savagery of his country applies to our own.

Indeed it is not too much to say that it applies more strongly to our own in most of the situations he discusses. This is especially true of the valuable opening chapters on the treatment of animals, particularly that on the slaughter of animals for food. It is a subject of great importance to us, so great and so little realized that the reviewer may perhaps be permitted to say a few words about our present relative position. We are here far behind England both in present customs of humanity and in our future program. Like her we have no direct federal laws whatever on the subject of cruelty in the slaughter of animals for food. But unlike her we have, while possessing the largest animal industry on the globe, no national intention of eliminating needless cruelties from animal slaughter in our country. There are, it is true, certain clauses in some of our meat inspection regulations which indirectly prevent certain unnecessary cruelties in slaughter. On this limited ground, progress against these and other unnecessary cruelties has indeed been made by the effort and common understanding of individual packing-houses with government coöperation and that of citizen committees. But the ground is too limited. It should be enlarged by the government. The understanding is too local and should be extended. Possessing the greatest animal industry on the globe, the United States ought to establish a body of the fairest, the most expertly framed and humane laws against superfluous cruelty in slaughter, on earth. She ought to enforce these nationally with a special pride in performing such a duty well, and in providing an international standard of conduct by her work in this field. Whereas by this account in "A Sheaf" our cruelties here are far grosser both in quantity and kind than those of England. We have fallen far behind her in the goodwill of our intent. It will be long, it is to be feared, before an Admiralty Committee of ours will recommend to our country such regulations as those here quoted, which Mr. Galsworthy tells us would ensure that "there would hardly be an animal in this country bled without first being stunned by humane methods, or any beasts watching their fellows being killed."

Such regulations as these progressively established by the United States in the spirit of sincere and scrupulous justice, might well serve as a starting-point for our nation's

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mastery of all the licentious treatment of the defenseless which at present justly dishonors our name among nations.

I wish every legislator in the United States, every sportsman in a country that has exterminated the buffalo and shot the very last wild pigeon of those beautiful flocks that by tradition were so vast they darkened the sun, might read the chapters of this English book on the treatment of animals. I wish every American whose heart sank at the news of the defeat of Thomas Mott Osborne in his work for prisoners might read these thrilling words about the prisons and punishments of England; and that all those unhappy Americans who watch with bitterness the failure of labor laws to protect working children and working women through the indifference and delay of ignorant and paltering lawyers, and slack and disorderly courts, might read the satires of the book "Concerning Laws."

You read on thinking very deeply of the nation whose language is ours. Perhaps you cannot agree with all the book says in "The War"—"And After." You feel at times that the England of the author is too exclusively that of English country life, and that strangely enough the inimitable portrayer of the Island Pharisees considers too seldom in his reference the Seven Seas. But you remember that "A Sheaf" is not intended as an empire's portrait.

In the pages of the book, as you remain with it, and re-read it, you feel evermore the sense of a still and noble presence. It is the presence of something absolutely brave and infinitely gentle. It is the beautiful presence of justice: and before you close the volume, and long after, it tells you that the soul of England will never die.

EDITH WYATT.

Vachel Lindsay

A Handy Guide to Beggars, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

SOME people are grudging about genius because they are grudging about divinity. They do not think the common man gives any pledge of divinity. They feel "genius" is an aristocratic attribute and they confine its attribution to the fit and few. This kind of worshipfulness has its mean aspect. It is primitive and denigrating. But even those of us who do not kneel readily, who want to say our prayers standing, cannot pretend that genius, the personality which rises out of the mediocre plane and lifts the eye to azure, is a personality frequently met with or easy to be sure of. Glancing back, down the American vista that is known to us, the personalities that mark a great way of living, that catch the inner eye and feed the inner fire, are so infrequent that the vista is still like a shining street at dawn. There are men of genius in that lane of the sun—Lincoln, Whitman, Washington, Emerson, William James; perhaps others whom people better versed can sincerely name. But the begetters of the spirit of this nation, the complete and adequate persons of their time who still swing like stars in our vision, find few new companions to keep their stride.

It is difficult not to smile when Miss Harriet Monroe, nervous guardian of the corn-fed poetic chick, speaks of the distinguished Irish poet Yeats "honoring" Vachel Lindsay by particularizing him as "a fellow craftsman." Mr. Yeats is indeed distinguished but he did no egregious honor in honoring this poet of Illinois. Perhaps it was wonderful that a listener to the music that whispers in the disengaging twilight should have caught the strangeness of Lindsay's ruder rhythms—rhythms ruder in the sense that orchestra is ruder than solo, or a crowd ruder than a wraith. But from admitting Lindsay's claims on Yeats, obvious enough to anyone who sees Lindsay's dimensions, it is a long way to predicting or proclaiming the fullness of his powers. Genius is a large word and to be used warily. It is enough perhaps, to say that here is an emerging figure, a figure youthful and powerful, stone taking wings.

Against Vachel Lindsay there is something to urge. "Righteousness," he says in the preface of this book, "is as filthy rags." Yet in his poetry there is, if not much righteousness, much dualism of the kind that John Dewey has characterized. "There is no greater tragedy," says Mr. Dewey, "than that so much of the professedly spiritual and religious thought of the world has emphasized the two ideals of self-sacrifice and spiritual self-perfecting instead of throwing its weight against this dualism of life." Mr. Lindsay is very much a religious poet and in his religion there is a great suspiciousness of the devil, the flesh and the world. "No clean human passion my rhyme would arraign," he says of the Russian dancer; but the apogee of "The Firemen's Ball" is the rage of desire. "By absence of passion, he is made free." The same simplicity of morality comes into his poems on the war—"a curse upon each King"—and into his poem on Omar Khayyam, "a book of the snares of earth." The indignation of the verses against white slavery, against the United States Senate, "swine within the Senate," and the contrary celebration of John P. Altgeld do one good. But it is an expensive orgy when one thinks of the "shining universal church," the "angel-song," the world of moral Dutch Cleanser and spiritual Sapolio, in which the poet richly rejoices. His idea of "a land transfigured" is a dreadful one. It is a sort of perpetual World's Fair and Christmas card and Sunday School picnic rolled into one. Sacred capitals, clean temples, millions of boats paddled by angels with silver oars on a festive lagoon, "and silken pennants that the sun shines through"—his heart bounds with zeal at this vision. "Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean, Rulers of empires, and of forests green!"—these throng his paradise. And he thinks happily of "halls with statues in white stone to saints unborn to-day." "Creed upon creed, cult upon cult," "shrine after shrine"—he craves incense, ritual, censers; he has an enormous appetite for communal buildings gleaming in a communal sun. This is a side of his inspiration which leaves the present writer cold, though one of his finest poems is religious, "Heart of God."

O great heart of God
Once vague and lost to me,
Why do I throb with your throb to-night,
In this land, eternity?

O little heart of God
Sweet intruding stranger,
You are laughing in my human breast,
A Christ-child in a manger.

Heart, dear heart of God,
Beside you now I kneel,
Strong heart of faith. O heart not mine,
Where God has set His seal.

Wild thundering heart of God
Out of my doubt I come,
And my foolish feet with prophets' feet,
March with the prophets' drum.

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The beauty that is in this poem is not the clamant beauty of "The Congo" and "General Booth" and the unpublished poems that Mr. Lindsay recited to many audiences last spring. But where the recited poems often need Mr. Lindsay's reading, as a roll of film needs the instrument to project it, there are many poems like "Heart of God," not glorious boom, boom, boomelays or clang, clang, clangelays, that live for a solitary attendant. It is characteristic of Mr. Lindsay that he does not always write for solitude. As "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" attested, and as this present volume now attests, he has his fullest being in association with fortuitous crowds, people in the common ways of life, people addressed and trusted as imaginative, and all born attuned to poems that have in them the beat of the waves of the blood. Were one asked by Mr. Lindsay if it were possible to go through Florida and Georgia and North Carolina, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Missouri and Kansas, reading poems to pore white trash and blockade whisky Americans and old Southern ladies and railroad conductors and college boys and undertakers and farmhands and pious grandfathers and Mennonites and livery-stable keepers and stackers in the harvest-fields—one might have doubts as to the value or even the expedience of his mission. But because he has vigor and courage, a hunger for romance whetted by years of life in Springfield, Illinois, a yearning for enchantment in the face of American flatness, he has been able to find in the hills and fields of the South and the plains of the West many deep and dear responses to his searching heart. Not always is one satisfied with his playfulness. He is too strenuously the sprightly poet, the humorsome disciple of St. Francis, the resolute adventurer insisting on a picturesque world. But such strictures are not final. "A Handy Guide for Beggars" is too varied to be invalidated by any one squeamish or queasy reaction to it. It is much too full of loveliness and fun, happy invention and sudden shivering song, to be disregarded because young Illinois feels like a fighting-cock and starts to crow without showing cause.

I say loveliness. There is the family in the Blue Ridge. Lindsay describes it and the people in it, "nothing to remind one of the world this side of Beowulf." "An inner door opened. It was plain the woman who stood there was his wife. She had the austere mouth a wife's passion gives. She had the sweet white throat of her youth, that made even the candle-flame rejoice. She looked straight at me, with ink-black eyes. She was dumb, like some one struggling to awake." These people have bad news while their guest is with them. A brother brings word that the host's mother is ill. There is the host's refrain: "I can't think of anything except my dying mother. I can't think of anything except mother is going to die." In the morning Lindsay leaves with this emotion: "A money-claim has definite limits, but when will you ever discharge your obligation to the proud and the fine in the House of the Doom? You intruded on their grief. Yet they held their guest sacred as their grief."

The fun of "A Handy Guide for Beggars" plays over special incidents and general conclusions. There is the general conclusion as to the tramp and his Missions. "A mission, an institution built by speed-maniacs who use automobiles for speed-maniacs who use box-cars." The special incident of a hideous coal town is amusing. "I'm awful glad to see a white man," confesses his host. "This place is full of Bohunks, and Slavs, and Rooshians, and Poles and Lickershes (Lithuanians?). They're not bad to have around, but they ain't Cawcasians. They all talk Eyetalian." He read his poetry to that family. "No, kind and flattering reader, it was *not* above their heads. Earnestness is earnestness everywhere. The whole circle grasped that I really expected something unusual of those boys with the black-diamond eyes, no matter what kind of perversity was in them at present. I . . . dreamed that this ungoverned strength before me, that had sprung from the loins of King Coal, might some day climb high, that these little wriggling, dirty-fisted grandsons of that monarch might yet make the world some princely reparation for his crimes. After the reading the mother and father said solemnly, 'it is a good book.'"

Here is one of the poems Mr. Lindsay read:

LINCOLN

Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all,
That which is gendered in the wilderness,
From lonely prairies and God's tenderness.
Imperial soul, star of a weedy stream,
Born where the ghosts of buffaloes still dream,
Whose spirit hoof-beats storm above his grave,
About that breast of earth and prairie-fire—
Fire that freed the slave.

No one who fails to read this travel book can believe that he knows Vachel Lindsay or one fine thing that American literature has to show. Lindsay makes New Jersey no less poetic than Georgia. Democracy is not with him a phrase. It is something poignant of the people. It supposes an absence of classes, a conjunction of all kinds of human beings. It is that faith in the excellence of human beings which makes life worth living. It finds that excellence by inclusiveness. It is different from any other and all other religions. It has at root a kind relation to God because it has a kind relation to man. It is more than liberty, equality and fraternity. It is a feeling that the mortal planet is a good and decent place to live in and on. It is the thing Lincoln had. It is the thing Whitman had. It is the thing Emerson partly had. It is the thing that the West has, and not the East so much, the thing that the Negro took away from the South and yet the thing that abides, though not singularly, in America. It is the thing that elects one man president rather than another in time of war. It may be religious. Perhaps it is. It comes down from the mountains, it walks among the people, it plows through snow to say who will be president. Of course Lindsay is too simple about books. He is not fair to the men who do not live among sense impressions. He is not fair to the men who give their lives to truth, the doctors, the men of letters, the lawyers, the men who strive for balance, the men who will not gamble their lives like the harvesters. He has crude gestures, this emerging poet of Illinois. He has intonations of the preacher and fancifulness of the infant wearing a paternal silk hat. He finds it hard to forget Hathor, the Rose of Sharon and ambrosial nouns. But to say these things is not to reach the core of the matter. Where else in this country of emergence is there in combination nationalism so free and swinging, religion so vigorous, human contact so delicate, beauty so adored? Sometimes it is the adoration of beauty we attend at, mere services in her name. But not seldom he is at the heart of conviction and ecstasy and splendor. The man who tramped as a beggar through our states could afford to go light because of his affluence. He had every man for his comrade. He went afoot with a people. He marched with the moon and the sun.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Mark Twain Protests

The Mysterious Stranger, by Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

IT is possible to say several foolish things upon discovering that the greatest American humorist wrote a book of pessimism, and most of them are being said. There are the melodramatic commonplaces about gaiety assumed to conceal sorrow, and the tragic character of the jester. There is the view which sees in the book merely a fable expounding a second-rate philosophy borrowed perhaps from Schopenhauer, and faulty because it is imperfectly borrowed. There are the pious utterances of the people who shake their heads and say what a pity it is that a man of so fine instincts should not have accepted the consolations of religion, and that the book is a final proof that no one can be really happy unless he is a Christian.

Any such categorical valuations falsify the earthy mould out of which such a book must have sprung, they violate the sensitive and honorable contact with the world which it represents. This is no Pagliacci among books, concerned in a bitter personal tragedy which has hid itself in laughter. It is not an allegory ingeniously told to illustrate a thesis formally apprehended. Rather than a groping refusal of religion, it is evidence of a thirst more strong than any revealed religion had power to assuage. It is not portentous at all, but a story by Mark Twain, familiar and American, in which he chooses not to amuse us but to tell us how he feels about men and women, and the world they live in.

"Eseldorf was a paradise for us boys." Enchantingly it begins, like a fairy story. Then appears the strange boy who says he is an angel, Satan by name, an unfallen nephew of the illustrious fiend. He makes for the boys' entertainment a toy village of living beings, destroys it by a thunderbolt, and then thins to the irridescence of a soap-bubble, bouncing along the turf till he vanishes. Satan is gay and beautiful, he plays blissful music on a strange, sweet instrument, he is lofty towards man, who amuses him; but on the whole he is indulgent. His cruelty to the little living creatures he made for his toy village seems inevitable. If one were all-powerful, celestial, could not suffer, what would such trifles matter, after all?

Cruelty does matter to the boys, however. The next time they see Satan they reproach him with the evil consequences of a mischievous attempt of his to help an old priest. Whose fault is it? replies the angel. Men are so stupid they cause most of their own misery. However, just to show you, I'll seriously try to help the people you're interested in. He goes ahead to do so, but of course the result is that people destroy their own happiness, or are deprived of it through envy, or are stoned and burned for witchcraft; and the only way Satan can really make anybody happy for long is to kill him or drive him mad.

Satan is fond of dogs and cattle, and objects when a cruel man is called a brute. A brute, he says, can never be so disgusting as a man. This is because man has that terrible thing, moral sense. "A sense whose function is to distinguish between right and wrong, with liberty to choose which of them he will do. Now what advantage can be got out of that? He is always choosing, and in nine cases out of ten he chooses the wrong. There shouldn't be any wrong; and without the moral sense there couldn't be any." To prove it he shows them the progress of the human race—largely a story of wars. "In five or six thousand years," says Satan, "five or six high civilizations have arisen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best—to kill being the chiefest ambition of the human race and the earliest incident in its history—but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians."

Satan spoke long before 1914, therefore his paragraph on war is worth quoting. "There never has been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of an instigator of the war. . . . The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war—and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are at one with those stoned speakers. . . . Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them: and thus he will by and by convince himself that war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

In the end Satan tells the boys that he himself does not exist; that he is a dream of man; that God, the world as it is, and the moral sense and the future life, and all the rest of it, is the dream of man—"a grotesque and foolish dream." "Dream other dreams, and better!"

Of course this may be pessimism. But on the other hand it may be satire from the courageous heart of a lover of mankind. If we hate cruelty, we must not blame it on a perfect God, but at least do as little of it ourselves as we may. Supernatural powers would not help us if we had them. And above all, let us not imagine a God, and then claim his solemn sanction for our cruelties.

Such a foreshortening conceals the intimate charm of the story—a fairy tale dipped in irony. It is nothing new to say that man is only a coward if he casts his burden on the Lord. But Mark Twain's way of saying it was genuine because he felt presently and in detail each other man's sorrow, and because he knew himself in honor responsible for his neighbor. There is not a person in the tale, however lightly touched, who is not made warm by his sympathy.

This is the sort of thing that comes straight from the soul of America. It is national in the sense that Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are national; it interprets the simplicity, the humanitarian aspirations, the reverence for the humble, the impatience of formalism, the hard-headed distrust of authority, the resolute sensitiveness, that have found a thousand cruder expressions on this continent in the last year. Those who have angrily shouted their doubts of America's intrinsic honor should go back and look in their Mark Twain. It is a very real honor they will find there.

GEORGE SOULE.

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La Vie Militaire

The Duel, by A. Kuprin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

PERHAPS there are some people left who, despite the cruel facts of the present war, are still captivated by the glory of the military life. For such I should like to prescribe this book, written by a Russian army officer who knew whereof he wrote. Kuprin's "The Duel" is very pleasant to take indeed. It is not, primarily, a problem novel. The book is, above all, a masterpiece of true realism. Its story has the dramatic power of the great Greek plays. Throughout the work you feel that there is something superhumanly obdurate and implacable in the forces that carry the protagonists of "The Duel" to the catastrophe. And like the great works of tragic art in literature, these forces are inherent in the characters, as well as active in the outer world.

Imagine a young, naïve army-officer, just entering his work, fervent in his idealism, with high hopes and plannings for the future. The necessity of restraining his enthusiasm, together with the tragic self-distrust of youth, makes him draw within himself. He develops an overactive imagination, that sublimation of shy and diffident young people. In his day-dreams he sees himself a hero dying on the field of honor in the performance of some glorious feat, mourned and eulogized by a world repentant of its coldness. And more than once, when he conceives himself slighted or misunderstood, his imagination summons up a great, lonely figure, and, with the self-commiseration that many of us will remember, he talks of himself in the third person: "And over his kindly, expressive eyes fell the shadow of grief."

Disenchanting details such as these make the portrayal of young Romashov plain and straightforward, for Kuprin's artistic sanity will not permit an idealization. Romashov is not the innocent, undeserving victim caught in a fatal web of circumstances. Yet stronger men than he are broken by the life of the military post where he is stationed. It is a senseless, insane, wicked life—one of petty drill and routine, of wanton cruelty and cowardly swaggering, of mean jealousies and dirty intrigues, of filthy thoughts and filthier acts. It is this life that Nasansky, who had entered it an idealist, and who had graduated a derelict, reveals to Romashov in all its repulsive baseness and humiliating littleness. His words are an arraignment of militarism unparalleled for its agonizing, candid bitterness. Surely, Nasansky has every right to his deep abhorrence, for he was endowed by nature with a great love for life and to him life meant such holy elation, such a vast outstretching of the individual for perfection and beauty, that . . . but here he was, himself a wrecked man, and everywhere about him he beheld the pitiless shattering of hopes and personality.

Young, fresh, aspiring, Romashov enters upon his military career amid the surroundings I have described. Here is a dramatic situation worthy of the highest art. Here is that tragic and immemorial contrast between the ideal and the real that will be the inspiring motive of artistic creation "even unto the coming of another day." For Kuprin the recognition of this contrast is the shaping motive of all his work. It determines his method as a novelist and a writer of short stories. It leads him straight toward the highest form of irony—a tempered and mellowed irony—that of a man who is enamored of life, whose love for it is deep, intense, sincere, who knows the beauty and wonder of the real, but has the uncompromising clearness of mind and eye to see the grimness and bitterness and distortion of the actual.

Despite the Russian critics, "The Duel" has its thesis: a pitiless exposure of *la vie militaire*. The Russians are natural anarchists, and they hate war, because war means murder, and bomb-throwing and destruction of property on a huge, legalized, and organized scale. It is sanctioned by the governments of the world, as gambling is on certain segregated streets. The glamour and pomp of military heroism do not affect the Russian people very deeply. Perhaps they can see right through it all, as Nasansky does in the book. But for young Romashov, the truth comes too late. Very quickly he has run the gamut of the pleasures and joys and high duties of the military post. He has had his liaisons, and has fulfilled most of the other requirements of a child of Mars. What end is more fitting for him than death in a duel—that crowning heroism of *la vie militaire*.

L. S. F.

A Mystic Novel

Julius LeVallon. An Episode, by Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

IF one did not know that Hilaire Belloc were a religious man, one might easily guess it from the fact that he is so enthusiastic an admirer of Algernon Blackwood's novels. In journalistic jargon the subject matter of Mr. Blackwood's novels hovers in the "psychic borderland" between reality and unreality. It is simpler and truer to say that he localizes his stories in the vacuum left by discarded religion. He has to content himself with vague and romantic speculation—a sort of vengeance that dogma takes on modern literature for being neglected. When religion was institutionalized and traditional in a vital instead of a perfunctory way, when the church had more dramatic than aesthetic possibilities, the competent author could hinge his whole story on the conflict between the heroine's conviction of the truth of the Trinity and the hero's contempt for the sacraments. For whenever dogma lives small differences become momentous and the scale of the novelist's canvas is greatly extended. There are conflicts of belief as well as of desire: whoever likes paradoxes would probably say it was a richer world just because it was so much narrower. But even if it were excellently done, a novel with a similar theme to-day would seem almost like flippant irony. Creeds have nearly ceased to be adventurous; the breath of battle has gone out of them, and an honest religious experience is in danger of being called neurasthenic. At any rate for the novelist whose imagination is not concerned primarily with the history of a kiss the choice is meagre. It is still possible to write a long story in which there is not a single love scene, but the chances are that the sincere author will be led to write something very like Mr. Blackwood's latest work, "Julius LeVallon."

To be frank, the book is a preposterous farrago of amateur philosophy, crude symbolism masking itself behind scientific terminology, skilful narrative and powerful description. Mr. Blackwood was moved to write his book, one believes, out of a genuine impulse and sympathy which ultimately must be termed religious, the vivid sense of the unity and oneness of the world and of an omnipresent, beneficent deity. If the result is a strange blend of absurdity and tenderness and fine moments, it is a result which a much greater genius than Mr. Blackwood, stirred by the

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same impulse, could in all human probability not surpass. The weakness is not in the instrument. If Mr. Blackwood had chosen the environment of theological schools he would merely have seemed unreal. If he had fastened his attention on actual characters of to-day, he would have found his ability as a psychological analyst—and he has uncanny powers of introspection—shunted off to the task of cataloging everyday passions. So he selected three protagonists with extraordinary telepathic endowment and the trick of self-hypnosis; for a theme he took nature worship and re-incarnation; for a setting he chose scenes of great natural beauty. Every structural contribution in the book is essentially unrealistic—to acclimate the sceptical reader to these premises is his difficult task. He almost, but not quite, succeeds.

Julius LeVallon is an imaginative boy who spends his adolescence playing the memory game. He can remember the life his soul experienced in other and earlier bodily manifestations. Details of color and sound and movement and personality come to him in those moments of second sight. His belief in the permanence and justice of spiritual effort is as congenital with him as hunger and thirst: he communicates it to the reader. In one of his earlier "sections," as he calls them, he committed a crime on some other soul; a crime which demands expiation. In his school-days he meets another imaginative boy, John Mason by name, whom he recognizes at once as his "friend of a million years," the friend against whom he had committed the mysterious crime aeons ago. Together—for Mason, too, is sensitive and adept at the game of Platonic reminiscence—they reconstruct their early life. Some points stand out sharp and clear; others are blurred. But one thing is certain—to achieve the object of their lives they need the coöperation of a third soul, a woman. LeVallon finally discovers her, an ordinary uncultured serving-maid of a poor professor's, but in his phrase "an old soul." All three repair to Julius's remote cottage in the Jura Mountains to perform the act of expiation. There are mysterious moods of intimacy with nature, queer anthropomorphic descriptions of natural forces, the summoning of "Powers" and the ritual of ancient ceremonies but dimly remembered. The upshot of the experiment is that Julius dies, his wife—the servant girl—gives birth to a boy in whom, supposedly, the forces of Wind and Fire are concentrated, and a few days later herself dies. Mason returns to England stunned by his experience. All trace of the boy is lost. Compressed, the narrative sounds silly and at times it is silly, yet there are suspense and drama of a sort and an unflagging interest in the mysterious experiment as well as a certain verisimilitude to life, enough while reading the story, at all events, to smother the reader's doubts. The fine bits of the book which justify much that is tedious and repetitious are the descriptions of those moods of unity and intimacy with nature which we all catch hints of in moments when consciousness is reduced to the lowest organic level of protoplasmic hum, when feeling flows through unchecked and unscrutinized:

> "I was in Nature everywhere. I heard the deer go past me, I heard them on the soft, sweet grass, I heard their breathing and the beating of their hearts. Birds fluttered round my face and shoulders, I heard their singing in my blood and ears, I knew their wild desires and freedom, their darting to and fro, their swaying on the boughs. My feet were running water, while yet the solid mass of earth and cliff and cliff stood up in me. I also knew the growing of the flowers by the forests, tasted their fragrance in my breath, their tender, delicate essence all unwasted. It passed understanding, yet was natural as sight, for my hands went far away, while still quite close, dipping among the stars that grew and piled like heaps of gathered sand. It all was simple, easy, mine by right. I had forgotten. I remembered. The universe stood open."

There are many passages as vivid as the above, and they would justify a much poorer book. Yet one longs for the bones of sharp creeds in all this misty emotionalism and flabby primitive aestheticism, even while admiring the skill of exposition. Dogma stands avenged.

HAROLD STEARNS.

O Small Boy!

A Country Chronicle, by Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

TO those who are weary of the "isms" which latterly have blown like parching winds across the pleasant fields of fiction, "A Country Chronicle" will bring refreshment. Such readers will be grateful to Mr. Showerman for providing a Small Boy to lead them back to virgin forests and pastures literally new. The pastures and forests were in Wisconsin when Wisconsin was still frontier. And the Boy was the son of a pioneer farmer who came from "York state."

As he is a probable and a likable little fellow, it is a good deal of fun to look at things just as he does. Through his eyes we see his plodding, patient parents, his awkward big brother, Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phoebe, the boys and girls who go to the country school, the villagers who gather at the store to discuss the "'lection"—it was Hancock then instead of Wilson—and the temperance "lecturers" who come to hold meetings in the church. The focus never changes. Consequently of all these personages we get the minimum amount of description; for the small boy is ever the enemy of the adjective. Yet there is no blurring of the image; each detail is handled with the incorrigible realism of childhood: "Uncle Anthony's house smells different from ours. It always makes me think of tobacco, but it smells of apples and cooked things, too. My mother says she supposes our house smells as different to them as theirs does to us." Maybe the pictures are a little too complete. They lack the erratic emphases, the unpredictable ellipses that make the descriptions of children always so fascinating, often so terrifying, to their elders—an effect, by the way, that Chekov sometimes subtly reproduces. "A Country Chronicle" reads more like a series of composite photographs than the inspired caricatures that represent first impressions on the ten-year-old mind.

As season follows season, so in a sort of natural sequence incident succeeds to incident in the life of the Boy. His activities are inextricably bound up with the time of the year and the length of the day. Spring means for him picking up stones in the fields, hunting for the first mayflowers, fishing for bullheads; summer, berrying and surreptitious swims; winter, snow-forts and sliding down hill and school. The climax of the Small Boy's year is, very properly, "sugaring-off." Besides this the elopement of his big brother with Edie (who, by the way, was no older than Juliet) is a small matter. But what luck to have been born before the hygienic process of evaporation came to supplant the good old odoriferous rites of boiling down the sap!

The Boy is the book. His humor and his quaintness are its charm. He has little of the romantic appeal of Charles

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Dudley Warner's dreamy boy or of Mr. Aldrich's bad one; and none of the picturesqueness of Tom Sawyer. But he has to a greater degree than these older heroes a quality which is as easy to find as it is difficult to capture—naïveté. To borrow a term from the game of marbles, Mr. Showerman's Small Boy is a " real."

H. McA.

Faery-lands Forlorn

Goblins and Pagodas, by John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

THOSE who have known the delight of riding through the singular and lonely beauty of the Glorieta Pass will remember long the peculiar light of romance that falls above the golden mesas there, and shimmers far upon illimitable green and soaring ranges.

> In the bosom of the desert
> I will lie at last.
>
> Not the gray desert of sand
> But the golden desert of great wild grasses,
> This shall receive my soul.
>
> In the high plateaus
> The wind will be like a flute-note calling me
> Day after day.

In the most expressive passages of John Gould Fletcher's latest book of poety, breathes a wide ranging wind of fancy like the wind of the Southwest, the sense of true romance, the sense of splendor, and the stateliness of silent places—

> Where the clouds are lifting
> High-fretted towers in the sky;
> Palaces of ivory—

It is unfortunate that the individual charm, the truth and beauty of his own making that the poet has to offer us must be sought out by the reader beyond the rubble-heap of a long, pedantic preface calling on the names of Giotto, Flaubert, Chateaubriand, Wagner, Professor Fenollosa, Zen, Buddhism, the Taoist philosophy, Li Po, Delacroix, the Russian composer Scriabine, who " went so far as to construct color-scales " and " an English scientist, Professor Wallace Rimington " who has " built an organ which plays in colors instead of notes."

Idle to pretend but that the dusty air of abstruse learning and recondite technical culture surrounding this preface—which fills almost half the book—is the very air so often associated for us with the name of " The New Poetry."

But our program-music lovers, and those who have felt the backs of their necks aching from the attempt to identify oriental deities in the complicated design on the ceiling in the Boston Library (the library you will recall provides you with a chart)—all these Americans will bear witness that the New Poets and their followers were not the first in our strange country to seek a species of art surrounded with laborious difficulty and hedged with the requirement of the auditors' and observers' constant reference to some extraneous means of expression.

However, when you discover that Mr. Fletcher intends to give you a chart not only of a Blue Symphony of his, but a Black and Gold Symphony, a Green Symphony, a Golden, a White, a Blue and White and Orange, a Red, a Violet, a Gray and a Scarlet, not even your American docility to explained art will prevent you from becoming too jaded, too confused with symphonic explanations to look back again at the pages of " Goblins and Pagodas," for some time. You know very well that you will not be able to remember whether it is Violet, or Black and Gold, or Gray that betokens regret and remembrance, nor why Blue and White represent temptation—except your own temptation to impatience with the author. You feel as Kipps did when he burst out of the house where the hostesses had confined him to the oppression of that mechanical literary game.

For me the symphonies themselves, as well as the preface, are far too much occupied with one of the mechanical literary games of the New Poetry. This is the game of attempting to express one art in the terms of another—of writing poetry in terms of the technique of painting, or of sculpture, or of instrumental music or of short stories. The practitioners of the New Poetry have every right to this game. It is no more mechanical for that matter than the old game of writing sonnets on Fate or Woman or Resignation to fill up the ends of magazine pages. Like the Russian chef in the " Sportsman's Sketches " who could cook carrots so that they tasted like oysters and oysters so that they tasted like carrots, like " word-painters " and artists who give us " pictures that tell a story," these craftsmen of this kind of new poetry add to the pleasure of mankind; and have a right to their hybrid aims. We also have a right to find these aims less awe-inspiring than curious and trivial, if we like; and to prefer in " Goblins and Pagodas " the poetry which is least concerned with the effects sought by orchestras and by painters, and most concerned with creating the beauty the poet has found in life, by means of the communicative power of words.

Mr. Fletcher tells us that the symphonies are " dramas of the soul." In many passages he departs from the game of colors; and in these he really writes a drama of the soul, which requires no reference to charts, and makes us wish he would not enter the New Poetry game again—

> Because my heart is cramped in
> Because I have suffered much,
> Because my hope is like a candle-flame quenched at midnight,
> Because I dare dream yet of joy,
> I can take my night and the life that is coming to me.

Unto each his voice and vision. The reader of " Goblins and Pagodas " will wish from the poet, with something less of the manners of a recent fashion, certainly something more of the style of a voice and vision which is his own.

E. W.

Arthur Symons as Poet

Tragedies, by Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

THERE may be some question who is the best living poet in English, but I do not myself question that Mr. Arthur Symons is the greatest master of verse. His astounding virtuosity, his easy command of his instrument always so wary yet often in appearance so heedless, reminds one, not of any other poet, but of some great musical artist such as Paderewski or Casals. In sheer beauty of language few poets have excelled him at any time. A word is put in a line of Mr. Symons, not be-

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cause it is a vivid word or to fill a gap, but because it is exactly the word needed just there. Virgil is not a poet that Mr. Symons at all resembles in general features, but in this gift of adjustment of words without apparent effort and the masterly control of the far-flung poetic phrase he is with Virgil.

This, somebody may say, is aesthetic. What else could it be? Whatever else you may take out of the scope of aesthetics you can never take poetry without changing its nature to such an extent that it is no longer poetry. After all the battles, Poe's definition still holds good: Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty. You can use rugged and nihilist language without scansion, but you cannot sacrifice rhythm.

Mr. Symons has never written what one must call, to be understood, *vers libre*—though it is an absurd phrase in English—but he has shown the infinite variation latent in English prosody. In the first play in this volume, "The Harvesters," he discovers a blank verse unlike any blank verse we have known hitherto—spare, unadorned verse with metaphors and similes rising naturally out of the emotions of the speakers.

MARY

Do you remember how we used to meet
By Vecchan's cottage on the downs?

PETER

I do.

MARY

I always was the first. Night after night
I crept away and came across the fields,
Until I felt the first wind from the heath.
And I would stand and drink great draughts of wind
Till I was drunken with the honey and salt,
And drunken with the night, and then you came
With all the salt and honey in your lips.

PETER

They were rare nights.

MARY

I never thought of you
Without the thought of honey and of salt
And of that first wind blowing from the heath,
A windy place, a no-man's land, a harsh
Unfriendly place where it is good to be.
All other men belong to the tilled fields,
And are as orderly as ranks of corn,
And cattle in the valley: only you
Belong to the long heath that never ends,
And to the wind blowing to the heath's end.

Connoisseurs of verse will not miss the lilt of this, culminating in the wonderfully skilful catch or break in the last line, as if it was indeed the wind coming up against us in irregular gusts.

"The Harvesters," from which the foregoing passage is taken, is a tragedy in three acts. The scene takes place at St. Ruan, a village in Cornwall, in the early part of the nineteenth century. The intrigue is such a commonplace of melodrama that a less man than Mr. Symons would hardly have dared to use it. A girl who has been got with child asks the father one afternoon in the harvest-field to marry her. He refuses, and she slays him with a sickle. She is tried and acquitted; but her old father, a Methodist, has sworn that though he will give her shelter and food, he will never speak to her again. She scorns these terms, and goes off to live with a fantastic girl, the village "innocent" and the old man is left wondering at the end whether his vigorous attitude is justified.

Mr. Symons creates such a new thing out of this old material that the futility of the hunt for what is called a "new idea," so much insisted upon by dramatic agents and magazine editors, is once more apparent. As he says himself:

> "It's only life and death and such like things
> That matter: all the rest is like the wind
> And comes and goes."

And again he says:

> "Do you not see that nothing ever changes
> Because we change the name for it?"

"The Harvesters," quâ drama, is unexceptionable. It would act well. It seizes you at the beginning and holds you till the end. Terror is there, and pity, and the metaphysical horror—the futility of the human effort beside what the mind conceives. As drama "out of space, out of time," it is excellent. But the agonists are English. Do English country girls kill their lovers because the lovers refuse to marry them? It does not seem in the English character. Any barrister who goes on circuit will agree that cases of this kind are so rare as to be negligible. Mr. Symons is a Cornishman himself and he may have some particular instance in mind, but the general truth is so obvious that any particular instance to the contrary must seem distorted with a view to getting a dramatic situation. In none of the great English dramas does a girl become a murderer on that account alone. Ophelia goes mad and commits suicide, but she does not kill Hamlet. The murder is the blot on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles": except for that touch of unconvincing melodrama it would be perhaps the greatest English novel. But even there it was another motive which drove Tess to murder. And if it be said that the Cornishfolk are not the English race, then what has been said of the English girl can be extended to the British Isles. Extraordinary changes will come to pass in the English girl's character within the next generation owing to the prevalence of the picture theatres, the fact that she is doing man's work, and other causes; but at present, one contends, she does not kill her lover because he declines to marry her, and still less was she likely to do so early in the nineteenth century.

The rest of Mr. Symons's book is made up of two one-act plays—"The Death of Agrippina" and "Cleopatra in Judaea." The former is intensely dramatic and would interest the Washington Square Players or any other society on the look-out for brief tragedies. It were too nice to inquire whether the figures here presented agree with our historical prepossessions: what we have are historic characters treated romantically, as Marlowe or Wooster might treat them, instead of classically, as Racine might treat them. Nero is conceived by the poet as so much of an artist that his very emotions have become artistic pleasures and he has lost hold on every reality.

"Cleopatra in Judea" is the least remarkable of the three plays. The intrigue is a little common, and with a few transpositions would be the ordinary blackmail drama *familiar, alas!* to the Strand, W. C., and to Broadway. Cleopatra—yes, even "proud Egypt," who fascinated the Renaissance dramatists,—to what petty measure has she sunk! She has filched from her lover Anthony a portrait of Mariamne, the wife of Herod, and this she shows to Herod, giving him to understand that Anthony and Mariamne are "carrying on." Was Cleopatra exquisitely beautiful, cold and superb? It is quite possible she was not. It is quite possible that if we were to see

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the women who have influenced men and kingdoms lined up, we should find them nothing wonderful to look at. Their power lay in a fascination almost magical, often inexplicable, with which their looks had little to do. So it is to-day: so it must have been since the beginning of days. And consequently I have always failed to appreciate Pascal's famous remark about Cleopatra's nose. I have always believed that there was something wrong with Cleopatra's nose.

V. O'S.

The Spectric Poets

THERE is a new school of poets, a new term to reckon with, a new theory to comprehend, a new manner to notice, a new humor to enjoy. It is the spectric school; composed, as far as the present publication goes, of a man, the cornerstone, and a woman, the keystone—Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. In the preface to the volume just issued under the title "Spectra," Anne Knish refers to "our group"; so that I suppose we shall soon be hearing the names of other members of the spectric edifice. Meantime we must be content with the rhymes of a "founder" and the free verse of an "interpreter."

The term "Spectra" obviously means poems written according to the spectric theory and manner, poems which these two authors, after the fashion of composers, see fit to number confusingly, "Opus" this and "Opus" that. Their theory is as heavily presented by Anne Knish as if she were a graduate of some German university. Perhaps her birth in Hungary accounts for the effect. Here is a summary of the preface. The theme of a poem is a spectrum through which all the light there is separates into rays, then recombines or focuses into a certain concentrated point of something or other in the reader's brain. It's a case of seeing the point. The complementary vision in the eyelid, "after the exposure of the eye to intense light," is called spectric, "the after-colors of the poet's initial vision"; and still further use is made of the term in the sense of spectral, "the spectres which for the poet haunt all objects." In other words, the apparently unrelated impressions reflecting through a theme or idea may be artfully enough selected or directly enough recorded, without the conventional mental or verbal bridges, to reproduce, in the reader's mind, their effect in the mind of the poet.

It may be that the spectrists are offering us a means toward the creation or understanding of the essential magic of poetry. Their attempt, at any rate, goes deeper than the attempts of any of the other latter-day schools in that it cuts under mere technique. Not that we fail to welcome dusters of technique or to realize that the imagists' insistence on natural cadence and clear-driven expression is a salutary insistence. But we are always looking for something inside technique, something to hold and keep. And, though the imagists seem to be surviving the chorists and the vorticists, yet I feel sure that they will not count so much in themselves as in their jacking-up of the technique of poets through whom vibrate richer matters than the tickling of a leaf on a window-pane or the flickering of water in a bathtub. The imagists note with admirable accuracy all sorts of small adventures of the nerves, but very seldom for me relate those adventures to heart, head, and —or even stomach. They don't connect. They give the heightened, localized nervous sensations of a sick-bed, as though all the faculties were paralyzed except a finger-tip or one eye or one ear. Perhaps, without them, we should not have had the group of poets represented in "Others" who, to me, show more interesting vigor, even though most of their experiments are in gayer vein than those of the imagists. The spectrists, true to their expressed plea for humor, often share this gayer mood with the Kreymborg poets; as, for instance in Morgan's "Opus 104" or Knish's "Opus 118."

EMANUEL MORGAN

Opus 104

How terrible it is to entertain a lunatic!
To keep his earnestness from coming close!

A Madagascar land-crab once
Lifted blue claws at me
And rattled long black eyes
That would have got me
Had I not been gay.

ANNE KNISH

Opus 118

If bathing were a virtue, not a lust,
I would be dirtiest.

To some, housecleaning is a holy rite.
For myself, houses would be empty
But for the golden motes dancing in sunbeams.

Tax assessors frequently overlook valuables.
To-day they noted my jade.
But my memory of you escaped them.

But on the whole these later comers bring to the "new poetry" a quality it had rather lacked. They have more than fancifulness to add to discernment: they penetrate the surface with a curious vibrancy of imagination. Many of their poems, such as the Morgan poem on war (Opus 29) and the Knish poem on the Greek vase (Opus 135) are strangely, richly and memorably done. "Madagascar," as it happens, is one of only two done in free verse by Morgan.

What little we are told of the poets personally, is that they are now Pittsburghers, that Anne Knish had lived till lately on the Continent and has written a volume in Russian, and that Morgan, an American, had been for years painting in Paris before his hand was turned to poetry through Remy de Gourmont, to whom "Spectra" is dedicated:

TO REMY DE GOURMONT

Poet, a wreath!
No matter how we had combined our flowers,
You would have worn them—being ours. . . .
On you, on them, the showers—
O roots beneath!

Perhaps a wider experience of life and of media has made the spectrists' ability in English verse more flexible and more potent than that of the other poets we may compare with them. Certainly their theory demands an art not stopping short with direct notation by the senses, but reaching connotation of all kinds. And they are ambitious, without being too solemn!

If I have over-estimated the importance of "Spectra," it is because of my constant hope that out of these various succeeding "schools" something better may develop than an aesthetic dalliance of eyeglass and bluestocking. But, whether or not there be meaning or magic in the book, I can promise that there is amusement in it and that it takes a challenging place among current literary impressionistic phenomena.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Alfred Russel Wallace

Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences, by James Marchant. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.00.

BOSWELLS are nuisances, but some of them are tolerable. Mr. Marchant waxes eloquent over the "starry scroll of national fame" and is capable of telling us that "the names of Darwin and Wallace are inseparable even by the scythe of time." On the whole, however, he effectually effaces himself and his hero-worship, with its triteness of phrase, and gives us, not to be sure a definitive portrait to supersede Wallace's autobiography, but a worthy supplement to that invaluable source book for Victorian culture and one of its most fascinating personalities.

For one thing we have here brought together under a single cover the complete extant correspondence between Darwin and Wallace, with all that is known of their mutual relations. The essentials of the tale have often been told, but we are never tired of hearing about that unique revelation of unselfishness on the part of scientific co-discoverers. We read again how Darwin had labored over the origin of species for twenty years, deferring publication of his hypothesis in quest of further evidence but initiating Lyell and Hooker into his doctrine as early as 1844; how in 1858 he was staggered by the little-known correspondent from the Malay Archipelago, who sent him an outline of the very same theory with a request to read it before the Linnean Society; how Darwin resolved to renounce all title to priority till Lyell and Hooker, refusing to suppress their knowledge of his antecedent claims, finally persuaded him to present with Wallace's essay a paper of his own; how Wallace, instead of precipitating the customary priority squabble, accepted the situation, gave the whole credit to Darwin, and remained on the most cordial terms with his distinguished rival.

Darwin is naturally enough, next to Wallace himself, the most dominant personality of the book, but we get interesting glimpses of other protagonists in the great struggle for intellectual enlightenment that began with "The Origin of Species." Herbert Spencer appears, but hardly to advantage, uniformly stiff, sometimes unbearably priggish. As he had dismissed Kant, so he brushes aside Henry George—without a reading. He cannot get over the fact that evolution is currently identified with Darwinism, and declines to coöperate with the land nationalizers because "I have to consider not only what I may do on special questions, but also how the action I take on special questions may affect my general influence." If there is too much of Spencer, there is too little of Huxley—hardly anything but an epistle with delightfully humorous excuses for not participating in spiritistic séances to hear "disembodied gossip." Lubbock appears as an early and enthusiastic convert to Darwinism, and on the other side loom up Owen, the great anatomist, and Mivart—the one filled with professional envy and waging a disingenuous guerilla warfare on the new theory, the other attacking it from theological prejudice that finally betrays him into wild accusations of pernicious moral tendencies.

Above all, however, we meet Wallace, and between the present volume and his autobiography of 1905 we can form a fairly accurate picture of the man. He was not an intellectual giant, but he was a great naturalist of that almost extinct all-round type that shunned microscopes and laboratory walls. To judge him fairly, one must recall that his schooling, such as it was, ceased at fourteen. His mentality, indeed, both in its strength and its weaknesses, strongly suggests that of our intelligent untrained far-Westerners; less given to cocksureness and snap-judgments, it was marked by the same breezy, undiscriminating open-mindedness so abhorrent to cultured sophistication. Humanity has its limitations, of course, and as an octogenarian he could no longer appreciate sympathetically Mendelian and De Vriesian experimentation; but he was already an old man when with rare insight and flexibility of mind he accepted Weismann's critique of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. It was inevitable that the same trait which precluded theoretical preconceptions that remained a barrier to Spencer and Haeckel should lead him astray when he ventured into less familiar regions. His anti-vaccination crusade, his espousal of phrenology, his conversion to spiritualism sprang from the same psychological source as his scientific plasticity and his social liberalism. It is important to note in this connection that the spiritualistic views which came to color not only his philosophy but even his evolutionary principles had nothing to do with any initial theological bias, from which in fact he was singularly free. A letter to his brother-in-law leaves no doubt that in 1861 he was an "utter disbeliever." It was not religious dogmas that predisposed him to accept spiritualism but his innate susceptibility to new impressions, and beyond that doubtless another highly characteristic trait, the craving for a definite, positive solution of problems. It was not his way carefully to ponder the pros and cons of a question. His abstract of natural selection was dashed off and mailed a week after the first flash of insight, while Darwin, without external stimulation, might have waited another twenty years. No mere cataloguer of facts, Wallace automatically synthetized, preferring by his own confession a bad hypothesis to none at all. In the letters this characteristic is amply illustrated. He grows restive at Lyell's extreme caution, and Tylor's "Early History of Mankind"—most stimulating of anthropological books—leaves him unsatisfied. No wonder that an agnostic philosophy did not yield permanent spiritual comfort.

Wallace's scientific fame rests by no means exclusively on his evolutionary writings. He stands in the first rank as a pioneer explorer of South America and the Malay Archipelago, and his investigations of geographical distribution were of fundamental importance. Nevertheless, it remains true that his foremost title to distinction is linked with his work on the origin of species. Here, of course, the question arises more and more urgently of late years, how much potency shall be ascribed to that distinctively Darwinian factor, natural selection, of which Wallace defended the sufficiency more vehemently than Darwin himself. Darwin is no longer hailed so confidently as the Galileo or Newton of the organic kingdoms. In some quarters, indeed, the pendulum has swung toward the opposite side, and Driesch sees in selection a destructive factor only that cannot produce any positive results. This, however, is clearly an extreme view. We may well fall back on the mature judgment of so sane a thinker as Professor E. B. Wilson, that in spite of Mendel and mutation the Darwinian factor is still the most satisfactory contribution yet made to the theory of evolution, and when this is recognized Wallace at once assumes his rightful place in the history of biology, as the independent co-discoverer and expositor of one of the most fruitful of interpretative principles.

Of Wallace's political insight and humanitarian social philosophy it is difficult to speak with moderation of praise. He calls himself a "red-hot Radical." In his youth he had come into contact with followers of Robert Owen,

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who left a lasting impression, though temporarily submerged by the ruling individualistic creed of the English economists. He joined John Stuart Mill's Land Tenure Reform Association and later threw himself heart and soul into the work of the Land Nationalization Society, of which he became president. From a single-taxer he gradually developed into a Socialist. He regarded our whole system of society as "rotten from top to bottom" and advocated as a remedy universal coöperation, "the voluntary organization of labor for the good of all." Contrary to what one might expect, his radicalism was tempered with a rare clairvoyance for practical politics. He never shrank from sordid details or actual issues. In 1891 he stood for an eight-hour day with double pay for overtime. At the time of the railway strike in 1911, almost a nonogenarian, he personally appealed to Lloyd George to take over at once the management of all English railroads. Two years later he insisted that wages must never be lowered even though a general strike was necessary to enforce the principle. With all his radicalism he was cordially appreciative of any progressive steps on behalf of labor, as is amply shown by his admiration for Lloyd George.

Perhaps most important of all his social views for to-day is Wallace's sane distrust of eugenics. As the co-discoverer of the struggle for existence advocated universal coöperation, so the disciple of Weismann upheld the social (not biological) importance of environment as against heredity. No one, he points out, can say definitely who is "fit" or "unfit." He deprecated "the meddlesome interference of an arrogant scientific priestcraft" with human affairs. Let the environment be improved, he held, and in later generations we may be in a better position to apply whatever has in the meantime been discovered about heredity. The half-baked biologists of to-day who dabble in social reform and their still less amiable little brothers, the practical eugenists with their legislative tinkering, might well pay heed to the social philosophy of the noble spirit revealed in this volume.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Trotter and Freud

Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War, by W. Trotter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

THERE used to be a notion that individual and social psychology were two different branches of study. The pupil began with the solitary soul and towards the end of the course "social psychology" was tagged on as a kind of peroration. Most of what he had learned about the working of the single mind was left in its compartment, and a new locker was opened from which were drawn a number of metaphysical ghosts known chiefly as the Social Organism. Man as member of a community was supposed to have a psychic apparatus which did not appear in the course on individual psychology. It was a theoretical distinction which led to stultification. It juggled two abstractions, both of them false. It assumed that there was such a thing as man apart from a social medium and society apart from the men, women and children who composed it. Much of the sterility of the older psychology may be traced directly to this preliminary confusion.

The climax came when M. LeBon published his book on "The Crowd," and left us all impressed with the thought that the moment people assembled a radical change came over them, individual judgment disappeared and unreason seized them. Clever and observant M. LeBon undoubtedly was, but his work was distorted by this untested assumption that there is somewhere a break between the individual and the social mind. The picture he gave was exaggerated because he had idealized the individual beyond recognition. In his philosophy a single man, and especially a man like M. LeBon, could be distinguished from a mass of men. He thought of society and of crowds as a medium from which the individual could emerge completely to live by reason, in which the individual might be completely submerged and lost.

This distinction between the "individual" and "society" was until recently taken for granted in most psychologies. It was a distinction reached not by the investigation of the facts, but as so often happens in the history of thought, it was an analogy carried over bodily from the dominant political speculation of the time. It is not difficult to trace this conflict back to the theorizing of men like Hobbes and Rousseau and the old doctrine of natural rights and social contract. The eighteenth and early nineteenth century were torn with the struggle of the rising class against royalty and aristocracy. In the struggle for constitutionalism, the pamphleteers found the rights of man a most useful weapon. But the weapon soon became one of the dogmas of all our thinking, and the opposition between the single man and the social order was exalted into a "law" of nature. The form which this opposition took depended on the bias of the person who expressed it. In M. LeBon it worked out as a sentimental glorification of the individual and a contemptuous condescension for the crowd. In others it formed the basis for that endlessly tiresome dispute about individualism and socialism in which two straw men were called on to fight each other. In ethics it revived the old theoretical muddle about selfishness and altruism.

The individualist would report that man is governed by egoistic impulses. The historian and social philosopher would report that mothers loved their children, that martyrs died for their faith, that men committed suicide, that ascetics refused to be gluttons, that patriots served their country. Great ingenuity was expended on trying to show that unselfish acts were a form of the higher selfishness, and so ad infinitum. Popular thought came to feel that the average sensual man had no social impulses, and that an occasional moral genius like Tolstoi had lost his average sensuality. In the meantime the confusion was increased by the agitation of men like Ibsen and Bernard Shaw who showed that the individual egoist worshipped social traditions, while the exceptional altruist was forever at war with society.

In 1908 and 1909 an Englishman, Mr. W. Trotter, published two articles in the *Sociological Review* which produced an extraordinary effect on those who read them. They indicated boldly a way to break the misleading opposition of selfish and social impulses. Mr. Trotter argued that gregariousness is not a later and "higher" development of the soul, but an instinct as powerful and as primitive as the sexual, the nutritive, and the self-preserving. Others of course had said that man was a gregarious animal, but few had ever taken the statement very seriously, and no one before Mr. Trotter had ever drawn such implications from it. These essays are now reprinted, and immensely enriched by contact with those later developments of abnormal psychology which are due to Professor Freud.

The word instinct is rather shopworn, and for finer psychological analysis it is no longer useful. But for purposes of general orientation there is no better word, so Mr. Trotter accepts William James's famous definition of instinct

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as an "*a priori* synthesis" which appears to introspection as axiomatic. A good part of behavior can be generalized under such instincts as self-preservation, nutrition and sex, but not all, for men often sacrifice their lives, go hungry and repress desire. Just as the bee, "with her selfless devotion to the hive, furnishes phenomena which no sophistry can assimilate without the aid of a fourth instinct," so man shows every day an ability to thwart his egoistic impulses and to conform to social codes which appear to him as axiomatic. What then is the psychological basis of altruism and repression? Mr. Trotter finds it in man's sensitiveness to the herd, in his possession of a specific instinct of gregariousness. The peculiar quality of this instinct is that "it exercises a controlling power upon the individual from without, may actually be unpleasant, and so be resisted from the individual side and yet be forced instinctively into execution . . . herd instinct at once introduces a mechanism by which the sanctions of instinct are conferred upon acts by no means necessarily acceptable to the body or mind." This sensibility to social opinion gives to the judgments of the group an instinctive force as powerful as the impulses of sex and self-preservation and nutrition. It is capable of dominating them completely at some times, and modifying them at all times, so that the egoistic impulses may be restrained, darkened with a sense of sin, or even completely submerged, when the herd instinct incited by social pressure becomes irresistible. There are times in the life of a people, especially if war exists, when gregariousness masters or at least distorts every other impulse. And even in times of relaxation, the relentless working of this instinct can be observed in the balking of individual expression, in the rise of mental conflicts, in cruel conformities, and in argument that is nothing but the rationalization of the dominant opinion of the group.

A closer examination of herd instinct in man is attained by correlating it with the results of the Freudian analysis. The mental conflicts which Freud has brought to light are of course not merely desires thwarted by "a plain impossibility or a mere physical pain." They are the conflicts of two impulses within the mind, one of which goes under in the struggle. Freud has called the repressive impulse the "psychic censor" and has described it as the more civilized taste which cannot endure the expression of the crudities of sex and appetite. The censor, as Freud uses the term, is an impulse powerful enough to inhibit direct incestuous, homosexual, autoerotic, sadistic and masochistic desire in the average individual, powerful enough at least to keep these impulses from actual expression in conduct, capable at least of forcing them sufficiently underground so they can secure only ideal or morbid gratification.

The standards which the censor enforces upon primitive impulse are those prevailing in the social group. Whatever those cultural standards may be, the censor gives to them the psychic power of instinct itself. Much misunderstanding of Freud's teaching is due to a failure to grasp the lesson that though he reveals the existence of what we call perverse desire, his whole theory rests on the discovery that perverse desire is in perpetual conflict with a still more powerful desire, the desire to conform. Because Freud's interest is primarily therapeutic, the nature of the repressed impulses has been emphasized more than the repressive mechanism itself. One of the difficulties of applying the Freudian psychology to education and politics has been that neither Freud nor his pupils have ever given adequate attention to the investigation of the censor. Only when they have gone much deeper into this aspect of the mind will their work become really available for social progress.

The importance of Trotter's book is that he has suggested this new orientation to the analyses of Freud. What Freud calls the censor, Trotter calls gregariousness or herd instinct. The illumination is reciprocal. Freud arguing as a psychiatrist has had to posit the existence of a repressive mechanism, but he has never defined it clearly nor shown its biological significance. Trotter arguing as a comparative psychologist and biologist has led the investigation to that point in the individual where gregariousness meets the egoistic impulses of preservation, nutrition and sex. He has indicated the immense possibilities for social science which lie in further study of Freud's repressive mechanism. For that mechanism is the center where the ancient conflict between the individual and society, between desire and conscience is joined and resolved.

In the essays published in 1908 and 1909 the correlation with Freud has not occurred. In this book, made out of those essays, Trotter has tunnelled further into his subject and achieved the juncture. It is a dramatic episode in the history of thought, for Trotter is an Englishman and Freud is an alien enemy. The book is published over a year after the outbreak of the war. It is a thrilling demonstration of that indestructible vitality of science which enables men to coöperate though all frontiers are aflame.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Conservative Lawyer

Magna Carta and Other Addresses, by Wm. D. Guthrie. New York: Columbia University Press.

TO those who believe that there is some sort of a difference between the new and the true, it is a genuine disappointment to find the writings of our American conservatives so monotonously devoid of force and distinction. It is of course true that our conservatives are in an unusually bad predicament intellectually. The conservative abroad has a comparatively easy time holding on to the good old ways and denouncing the reformer as one who would subvert our ancient glory. But in this country the conservative is a Son of the Revolution and has to defend the established order by the eighteenth-century revolutionary metaphysics. It is certainly difficult to use the fact that our forefathers revolted in 1776 as an argument why *we* should forever maintain the status quo, just as it is hard to reconcile the refusal of self-government to the Philippines with the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence about "the consent of the governed." But an intellectually resourceful class like the old theologians could easily have overcome such difficulties. Perhaps the more basic trouble with our conservatives is that their leaders have been lawyers who have been busy defending the interests of property before elderly judges and who have not had the chance to realize that there has grown up an intellectual public in this country —a public that is not satisfied with the archaic rhetoric and the obsolete learning on which the conservative has so long been resting his case. The well printed book before us, by one of the leaders of the New York bar, is a good illustration of this point.

The first essay of this volume deals with Magna Carta, a mediæval legal document whose precise meaning has recently been brought to light by the labors of scholars like Maitland, Vinogradoff, McKechnie and Jenks. But Mr. Guthrie will have nothing to do with their painful efforts to determine the exact meaning of mediæval technical terms. It is not necessary for him to know that the social structure of the thirteenth century was so different from ours as to

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make it dangerous to transfer our present notions of government and legislative power to mediæval conditions. The traditional learning of a hundred years ago is good enough to show the lesson of Magna Carta to be that we should forever remain satisfied with the American system, in which the courts have the power to veto legislation interfering with private rights. He accepts unquestioningly the tradition which magnified the importance of Magna Carta because it was extracted from a king. But modern students of history and readers of thirteenth-century chronicles like those of Walter of Coventry, know that the people at large had little to do with Magna Carta, that it was the outcome of a struggle between king and barons (lay, clerical, and mercantile), in which the common people suffered from both parties, that very few of its provisions could have been of any use to the great mass of the people who were villains or serfs and certainly not "freemen" in any sense that that word had in 1215. Moreover, some of its provisions for the administration of justice were distinctly reactionary and detrimental to the common people oppressed by the local barons—against whom the court of a powerful king like Henry the Second offered some protection. The light of secular history, also, does not bear out Mr. Guthrie's rhetorical statement that Magna Carta "saved England from becoming one of the arbitrary and degrading despotisms which arose in Europe after the overthrow of the feudal system." That document was certainly of no use in preventing the Statute of Laborers and the grinding down of the workers by the local lords fixing the legal rate of wages. It did not prevent the granting of monopolies, the wholesale branding and hanging of the unemployed, or the confiscations of the common lands for the individual benefit of favored landowners. One would suppose that a lawyer like Mr. Guthrie would be sufficiently acquainted with English legal history to know that in spite of some *dicta* and the dubious case of Dr. Bonham, English courts never did have the power of declaring acts of Parliament void as contrary to Magna Carta. But busy lawyers have no time for these matters, which are usually left to minor clerks in the office.

Mr. Guthrie's predilection for quasi-historical arguments prevents him from dealing with any issue on its merits. However, in the essay on the income tax, he shows his moral insight and social wisdom in his condemnation of a graduated income tax. Such a tax, he argues, violates the principle of equality which is the essence of justice. But what does the principle of equality mean? Does it mean that rich and poor should pay equal sums, or does it mean that they should bear equal burdens? Will anyone maintain that to pay 5 per cent of an income of $800 a year is no greater burden than to pay 5 per cent of an income of $100,000? Mr. Guthrie, as an ardent advocate of the protective tariff, has no objection to the poor paying a greater proportion of their income in the form of indirect taxes.

While Mr. Guthrie admits in a general way that secular human judges are not absolutely infallible, he is not willing to admit that they have actually been wrong in any single case; and he tries hard to defend nearly all the decisions that have been the object of popular criticism. The result is a remarkable example of what a respectable lawyer considers fair advocacy. Thus the Ives case (in which a Workmen's Compensation law was declared unconstitutional) is defended by showing that certain critics misrepresented the facts of the case. Mr. Guthrie is satisfied to show that Ives was hurt "probably through his own negligence," that the injury was not very serious, and that the railroad company, after winning the case, paid him fifty dollars. But Mr. Guthrie knows that the Ives case was a regular test case and that the Court of Appeals, in its decision, took no notice of the specific facts of this particular case, but only of the general principle of the statute; and that by declaring the latter unconstitutional probably thousands of workmen seriously injured did suffer the hardships which Mr. Roosevelt erroneously attributed to Ives personally. Mr. Guthrie's defense is one of those befogging literal half-truths which is infinitely more deceiving than the wildest exaggeration of Mr. Roosevelt. That the author of such a defense can serve as a leader of the legal profession is perhaps a sufficient explanation of the popular dissatisfaction with the working of our legal system.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

Treitschke's Gospel

Politics, by Heinrich von Treitschke. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.00.

THE translators of this work have rendered a great service to the understanding of the nineteenth century by making it so effectively accessible to the English-speaking world. We have too long suffered from a dangerous insularity of culture. The thoughts of men like Gierke and Ehrlich in Germany, of Saleilles and Demogue in France, of Ferrara in Italy, have political consequences so vast in permanent significance as to render it very necessary that their books should be in the hands of every student of the process of government. To minds of such enduring quality, indeed, it is not probable that Treitschke's can be compared. His book is rather a brilliant *tour de force,* a splendid and arresting pamphlet than a serious piece of political theory. Its importance derives rather from the external fact of its immense popularity than from any special mental power it displays. Vigor, indeed, and eloquence it possesses in abundance; but it lacks subtlety, it is superficial, it is often inaccurate, and, above all, it is an ungenerous book. It is the effort rather of a politician than a thinker, and of a politician whom the exigencies of party have made narrow and a little shrill. It is as the *credo* of a party that we are compelled to read it; and the patristic *quia impossibile* we shall continually be tempted to affix to its generalizations.

No one can understand Treitschke who does not first realize that he desired to be a soldier. Certainly to the end of his life the heart of a general beat beneath the frock-coat of the professor. His thoughts were continually in the camp, and it was for the throb of the drum and the sound of the cannon that he continually yearned. Throughout his works the passionate love of war for its own sake is manifest. The fact of conquest thrilled him. He wrote the best war-songs of his time; and it was to the maddening pulse of his "Black Eagle" that at least one Prussian regiment marched to victory at Sedan. "A single dragoon who has struck down a Croat," he wrote in 1866, "has done more for the German cause than the finest mind or the most skilful pen," and the thought expressed the most intimate of his convictions. No state worthy of the name could fail to be a military state; and an army that kicked its heels idly at home seemed to him an army deprived of purpose. He had the instinctive lust for power. He was born essentially to command, and if nature, perhaps cruelly, deprived him of the physical opportunity to fulfil his destiny, it was his compensation that he could teach others the end to which their strength should be turned. For every word that he wrote is a sermon and a prophecy. He preached the glory of the German state.

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He demanded that it become one and indivisible that it might accomplish the world-destiny he foretold for it. Method and discipline, determination and obedience were the virtues he inculcated. His books are the manuals of the camp and he represents the triumph of the cannon over reason. He gave to the army; he would have led the watchwords of its creed. It was he who told it that strength was virtue and urged it to the exercise of its strength. The "Politics," like the "Deutsche Geschichte"—it is significant that it should need no other name—is a ceaseless hymn to the valor of the field. But the men whom he taught mistook his convictions for axioms, and his hymn bids fair to become an epitaph.

We are compelled to read him. For, when the last criticism has been made, his is the book of a mighty personality who swayed, more perhaps than any other historian of his time, the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen. He galvanized them into a realization of the great destiny that might be theirs. He wrote a simple and practical book that electrified the pompous official in the Wilhelmstrasse no less than the booted soldier who kicked his heels proudly in the grounds of Potsdam; while even to the determined and practical merchant of Hamburg it seemed to bring once more the right to dream of world-empire. It was to teach them their mission in life that he wrote; and he did not fail in his endeavor. What he wanted them to realize was the power that they might derive from unity and determined order. The "great thought of the state" which drew to itself like some mighty vampire their individual strength was to act on their heads like wine. It was to lead them to the thought of conquest, and conquest was the mother of heroism. Careless they might be of morality, of petty obligations like those of public right and international law. But world-politics is a ceaseless conflict of competitive ambitions and to conquer you cannot live by the catechism. The first rule is that of self-preservation, and that it may live, Germany must keep its hands free from the tempting entanglements of international obligation. The only vice is that of weakness; it is a "sin against the Holy Spirit of politics." For men must not imagine that the state is some nice Sunday-school child to be washed and combed and decked in fine feathers and sent on the way with a Bible in its hands. The state is the nation armed, and it is armed that it may keep itself heroic.

To that end it must expand. There is no virtue in smallness which is a function of decadence. Smallness of size breeds smallness of mind. It is the end of *heldenthum* and the external idealism it fosters is the creator of a slothful and unnatural peace. And Germany must expand because to her has been allotted the guardianship of culture. For France with its political vacillation he has nothing save contempt. For England with her hypocrisy and her materialism he has nothing save denunciation and hate. Russia is a besotted barbarian and the life of America is wasted in mediocrity and corruption. Not to such as these has the leadership of mankind been allotted. But Germany is different. There he can find the richness of life, the fullness, the strength, perhaps also the ruthlessness, which to him were the criteria of a chosen people.

It was to the preaching of such a gospel that he devoted his life. He attacked with a passionate hatred all that stood in his path. The cosmopolitanism of the Jews made him a vehement supporter of the Anti-Semite party and he prostituted his scholarship to the service of that most meagre of causes. The contingent anarchy of socialism aroused in him a denunciation so fiery that he did not shrink from convicting his own colleagues of chauvinism did they try to understand it. That he might vindicate the mission of Prussia he wrote a history that is, for all its brilliance, less an interpretation than a gospel. A brilliant book indeed it is; and few historians, save perhaps Carlyle and Macaulay, have equaled him in the richness of his style and the incomparable skill of his portraiture. The book throbs with the vigor of his own personality; and perhaps Michelet alone has surpassed it in sustained and impressive eloquence. But he makes of scholarship entire abstraction, and he is the master of truth rather than its servant. The touchstone of his judgment is his desire, and he writes to conquer or to be slain. He remarked to his friend Freytag that in him the soberness of the professor was outlived by the ardor of the patriot. He is, in truth, a veritable Hotspur of history. He wrote not that he might explain but that he might convince. To him the times were an age of iron, and it was the man who did not fear to make a nation pass through blood, could he but steel it to its task, whom above all he desired. Every chapter he wrote was a battlefield, and the pen he grasped was to his vivid imagination a sword with which he might slay his enemies.

He was Machiavelli's Prince in historical action and he symbolizes the prevailing of the spirit of Attila. If Macaulay had a confidence in the virtues of Englishmen no less passionate than Treitschke's love of the German spirit, it was in the march of mind that the English historian put his confidence. If Guizot wrote with a purpose no less avowedly political, it was not upon a doctrine of hate and of exclusion that he took his stand. Michelet equals him in imagination, and in the vigor of his emotions; but he wrote that men might understand; nor was he blinded by his patriotism. Treitschke lacks all sense of institutions, all understanding of ideas, all grasps of ambitions which differed in any sense from those essential to his theory of the state. The history that is to endure cannot be written in terms of an esoteric particularism. Its temper must be different from that of the political revivalist. Truth, after all, comes more often from the patient analysis of minute facts than from the fervid exaltation of passionate emotions. While the historian may write to convince, it is a grave dereliction of his duty if he fashions his evidence to the form of his desires. That Treitschke's work bears upon its surface the stamp of high genius may not be denied. But there are few more repulsive spectacles in history than the diversion of such great talents to so vicious and ignoble an end.

H. J. L.

Third Political Parties

Third Party Movements Since the Civil War, by Fred E. Haynes. Iowa: State Historical Society of Iowa.

THAT extremely elusive creature known as the "average American" usually has much contempt for third parties and his native prejudices are strangely confirmed by the sententious writings of our reputable "political scientists." Popularly viewed, the third party man is a "crank," and viewed from the center of certain "standard" works on government he is a Gallic freak in the midst of a providentially arranged and entirely proper Anglo-Saxon two-party civilization. Mr. Opper's creation "Mr. Public" is violently opposed to popular election of senators, woman suffrage, income taxes, death duties, postal savings banks, workman's compensation, social insurance, government ownership, and all the rest of the shocking program of irregularity—until his party has declared for one or all of

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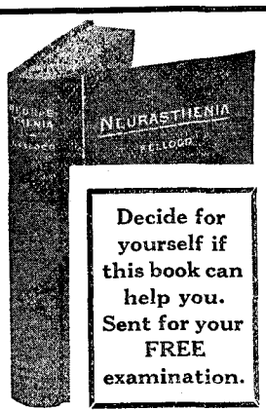

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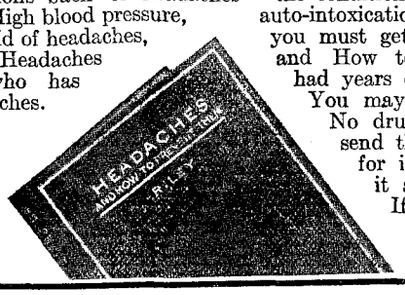

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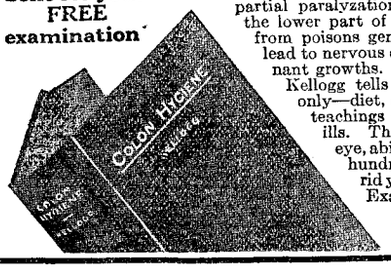

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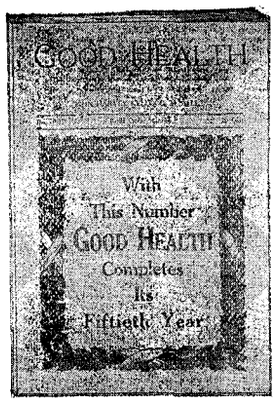

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them. Then his vociferous opposition is turned into an equally strenuous advocacy. Thus we have the New York *Times* defending Mr. Wilson's collectivist labor policy—almost, but not quite, without a grimace. How these new third party notions originate and find their way among the "issues" worthy of the respect of that staid guardian of public morals, the regular party man, few ever inquire. In fact, it must be said that our conventional history books would not lend much help to anyone engaged in a quest for the sources of two-party issues and the rôle of third parties in the development of political opinion in the United States.

Under these circumstances, we should welcome Mr. Fred E. Haynes's "Third Party Movements Since the Civil War" (State Historical Society of Iowa), even though the author has written with special reference to Iowa and omitted from his survey both the Prohibition and the Socialist parties. In spite of these limitations, the volume fills a useful place in our political literature and as an intensive study of Iowa politics it will serve as an important contribution to that balanced history of third party movements which is destined to be written. It is to be hoped that the necessary detailed investigations may soon be made into the local records of the Greenback party and Populism throughout the country and that the precinct, county, and state election statistics will be critically scanned with reference to the nature and distribution of the third party vote.

Mr. Haynes has set before himself a very orderly plan of procedure. He devoted one section to the Liberal Republican movement, including the independent offshoot of 1880-84, basing his general account upon the readily available sources such as printed memoirs and the "Annual Cyclopaedia." In this part, there is one chapter on Liberal Republicanism in Iowa which is founded upon local newspapers. A second section is a brief review of the early phases of the farmers' revolt previous to the Greenback uprising, embracing a most valuable chapter on the Anti-Monopoly party in Iowa. Part three covers the Greenback movement itself, five chapters being given to the national aspects of the topic and two chapters to the rise and decline of the movement in the author's state. Parts four and five survey the Populist and Progressive movements, with about the same division of materials between the general and local aspects of the two subjects. Although the specialist in American political history will count the local studies of the greater value, he will find the general surveys of Greenbackism and Populism fresh and informing, because they are based on a new examination of original sources.

Mr. Haynes's volume is in the main narrative. He is chiefly concerned with the leaders of the various epochs and their public utterances. The views of directing spirits are supplemented by editorial opinions and to the reader is left the task of formulating a consistent body of doctrine for each of the movements. Little effort is made, even in the case of Iowa politics, to study narrowly the social and economic condition of the residents in the sections most seriously affected by third-party radicalism. Such political materials as farm mortgages, crop failures, foreclosures, personal property listed for taxation, and kindred matters which invite statistical enumeration and analysis are left for future workers in this field.

The author's method of treatment naturally does not produce any new and startling conclusions, for the policies and public acts of national figures like B. F. Butler, Weaver, Bryan, LaFollette and Roosevelt are matters of common knowledge. The introduction of such local celebrities as "Jumping Jim Weaver" and "Heifer Calf Gillette," the "Twin Demagogues" of Iowa, adds a diverting and picturesque touch to a story which is necessarily somewhat drab. Yet such is the irony of history that "Heifer Calf" Gillette may start an idea or a part of an idea that may be cheered to the echo in the Union League Club—fifty years later. Thus reversing the maxim of the lawyers, the historian must have a case even for little things.

The fundamental conclusion reached by Mr. Haynes is set forth in his last chapter. "The special service of minor parties in the United States has been to call attention to economic and social conditions that require consideration and readjustment." As a result, "the nation as a whole has come to the position urged by the successive minor parties—the socialization of politics." In other words, by agitation and by the use of the marginal vote in close campaigns, minorities are able to force the gradual acceptance of some or all their leading doctrines by one or the other of the great parties and, through inevitable competition between those parties, to educate the whole nation into accepting ideas that were once abhorrent to the worshippers of tribal gods. In the light of this record, the "crank" throwing away his vote may not be as silly as the average American imagines—neither is he necessarily a prophet. There is a selective process that winnows even the doctrines of the cranks.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Pro-Allies

Belgians Under The German Eagle, by Jean Massart. Translated by Bernard Maill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

With Serbia Into Exile, by Fortier Jones. New York: The Century Co. $1.60.

They Shall Not Pass, by Frank H. Simonds. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

General Joffre and His Battles, by Raymond Recouly (Captain X). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The First Seven Divisions, by Ernest W. Hamilton (Captain 11th Hussars). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Luck of Thirteen, by Mr. and Mrs. Jan Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Passed by the Censor, by Wythe Williams, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Action Front, by Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35.

Doing Their Bit, by Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

With the Zionists in Gallipoli, by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D. S. O. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

Ambulance No. 10, by Leslie Buswell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.

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of the Anglo-Saxon. There has been time for a readjustment of focus. The "Hymn of Hate" recalls a mood—even in Germany—which to-day seems ages old. There is much less calling of bad names. The war has become something so all-absorbing and gigantic and awful that even anger seems irrelevant. Most of the civilian populations of the belligerent countries have become—as the soldiers have long been—fatalistic. The deep wish for peace which grips nine men out of ten every time they step into the mud and horror of the first-line trench seems to have lost all connection with reality. It spins round helplessly in a sort of mental void. Nobody envisages the end. Even sensibility becomes blunted in time, and the reaction against the prolonged, dragging ghastliness of it all lurks only subconsciously beneath a surface mind that accepts quietly and grimly, sometimes even mock-gaily, the everyday routine. When soldiers write books they are content to write without passion, content to let the facts speak for themselves. Even the non-combatant journalists and adventurers have acquired a new tone of objectivity. After reading a few war books one comes to resent any romanticization or poetization of the reality. Rhetoric was never so offensive, and it is curious to trace in a book by a professional stylist—especially if it is written in diary or chronological form—the steady evaporation of decorative words, the coming closer and closer to the simple recording of fact. It is like a highly paid court-house "sob-sister" of a newspaper being sent to cover a factory fire and being stunned into plain English by the sheer literal shock of seeing girls fling themselves from windows to the street.

Through all the books written by men who have been in the trenches or who know the life of the trenches from authentic sources runs a curious and almost pathetic identity of experience. In every case where men were opposed to each other for any length of time in trenches that were not above speaking distance apart, the men ended by becoming friendly. Gifts were exchanged; often they let each other know when a general attack was to take place; in one or two cases they actually visited each other; they would sing songs for each other's amusement; there was always an understood hour of respite (generally towards sundown) when both sides could stand up and walk about in plain sight of one another. The question of race seemed to have nothing to do with it. Colonel Patterson in his book, "With the Zionists at Gallipoli," writes quite naturally of a bored Britisher throwing a tin can into the Turkish trench, made up to look like a new type of infernal bomb, adding "and this little incident led to many friendly exchanges of bully (beef) and cigarettes." In "Day by Day With the Russian Army," by Bernard Pares (a book published earlier than those in this present group) the author remarks hardly with any comment that at some points on the Galician front it was necessary for the Austrians to change their men frequently; otherwise, the soldiers would become too friendly with the Russians! In "With Serbia Into Exile" Mr. Jones affirms on good authority that the Serbians and Austro-Germans on both sides of the Danube near Belgrade used to row out to an appointed spot in the river every other night and have friendly conferences and warn each other of contemplated attacks. In "Ambulance No. 10" Mr. Buswell tells the story of a French soldier who came to his officer in a towering rage because the Germans had thrown hand grenades into the trench. "We had agreed at this point to shoot at each other only with rifles," says the aggrieved soldier, angry at the broken faith. An article could be made out of these and similar incidents which would affirm faith in common humanity. Perhaps the fundamental irrationality of the war is not proved by these little amenities of the trenches, but certainly the suspicion that it is irrational must often arise in the minds of the soldiers. If ever there is permanent peace in the future, the will-to-coöperation which will have brought it about will have been immeasurably strengthened by these revelations of common humanity.

A single bond unifies these eleven books. They are all pro-Allies; in fact, six of the eleven are pro-British. Yet in only two of the books—"With Serbia Into Exile" and "Belgians Under the German Eagle" is there any concentrated anger against the Germans as a race. In the case of M. Massart's collection of documents it is not difficult to see the reason for the anger. His collection of published notices by German authorities, of "undisputed" facts, of the testimony of eye-witnesses, makes up a tale of oppression and horror which it is still difficult to believe of any race on the globe. By comparison, the Bryce report seems tame. To an American, indeed to anyone except he who will have access to all sorts of special documents after the war, there is no means of orienting oneself with respect to all this mass of evidence. One lacks entirely the critical tools by which to distinguish the true from the false and the exaggerated from the normal. There are certain *prima facie* indications of M. Massart's honesty of intention, if not his accuracy of result. He quotes as much as possible; he employs as little of ex-parte evidence as he can; wherever there is a chance he corroborates. The question of Belgian atrocities seems to have settled down to something like this: there is no doubt there were sporadic atrocities, but was there an organized reign of terrorism and lawlessness sanctioned, if in fact not commanded, by the German General Staff? It is this second and important charge that M. Massart tries to prove. Certainly it is now known that whether or not this occurred, the Germans always tried to justify what they did legally. They used the cry of "franc-tireurs" and "reprisal" with methodical regularity. But M. Massart is interested chiefly in showing that the "reprisals" always took place before the collection of the evidence which would give them military justification. In other words, the evidence was always "fixed" in advance. Perhaps—for even M. Massart cannot in every case bring forward crushing, overwhelming "proof." There are times when he has to resort to what anyone could hardly call a dispassionate interpretation of facts. Yet however slight the amount of new and positive fact unearthed by M. Massart, when the winnowing process takes place and the final assessment is made of Germany's shame in Belgium, his book will help to determine how great or how small that shame really is. "Belgians Under the German Eagle" is part of the record.

Equally passionate in its condemnation of the Germans, although in a far different fashion, is "With Serbia Into Exile." Mr. Jones has great admiration for the brotherhood pacts, stronger than death, of the southern Serbians; he visited Belgrade before the bombardment which ushered in the great offensive, when it was peaceful and picturesque; he retreated with the army and the civilian population and saw all the horror and suffering of the ghastly exodus. The spiritual agony of the shattered Serbian soldiers that contrived to survive starvation, mountains, fever, the snow of the roads and reached the Island of Death—and even survived that—is an ignored pain of the war. The Serbs after their fashion are the most fanatically patriotic and fanatically freedom-loving race in the world. Even as an autonomous part of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire it is difficult to conceive them as really contented. There would

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be explosions. At the present hour probably the ugliest soldiers to face are the men on the Macedonian front who are striving to get a foothold in Monastir from the Bulgarians. These are soldiers who have lost everything except their hatred. Their country is invaded, their faith is broken, their wives and children, left behind, either died in the Great Retreat or have starved and suffered under the new régime, in all probability their homes has been burned to the ground—they have nothing to lose and are desperate. If you look carefully through your paper in small type on a third or fourth page you will read: "Paris. The War Office announced to-day that the new Serbian army in the region of X— on the Macedonian front after severe hand-to-hand fighting succeeded in capturing the first-line trenches of the Austro-Bulgarian forces. There is comparative quiet along the remainder of the front." Mr. Jones's book gives you the whole human background of those colorless words.

Of three books of strategy Captain Hamilton's dry, technical account of the work of that now famous—and practically annihilated—first hundred thousand is the most important by far. "They Shall Not Pass" is a mere sketchy (but first-rate, nevertheless) piece of impressionistic journalism in comparison. Mr. Simonds had one glimpse of the cold Petain, a lunch in a cellar in the city of Verdun itself, two or three narrow escapes from shells—the typically limited experience of the conventional war-correspondent. What one remembers—because it is what Mr. Simonds has himself never been able to forget—is the description of the expression on the faces of the middle-aged men marching steadily on the first-line trenches. Hatred of war, but no despair and no anger, a quiet calmness of conviction that "Ils ne passeront pas!" More significant because written by a bona fide officer in the French army is "General Joffre and His Battles," with an excellent explanation of the success of the Battle of the Marne, over which experts have quarreled and will probably quarrel to the end of time. Recouly gives official dispatches and prints maps to show that General Joffre as early as August 25th had determined upon the general features of the battle which was to decide the fate of the Republic. Von Kluck is completely exonerated by this Frenchman; he says that the German general did only what any military officer with commonsense would at once have seen he had to do. On the other hand, the German General Staff as a whole is accused of vagueness in their plans and of disobeying some of the first principles of "open-fighting" military strategy. Historians ought to find some of the author's maps invaluable. But "The First Seven Divisions" is not only more complete than either of these books, it has as well the peculiar dignity of phrase of the professional soldier: "The men were very steady under fire—such was the scene (to the west of Soissons) in which the German and the Allied armies were destined to face one another for over a year, dealing out ceaseless death, desolation and pain, and gaining no fraction of military advantage for either side." The retreat from Mons, from Le Cateau, the advance to the Aisne, the battle of Troyon and the Aisne, the birth of the Ypres salient, and Neuve Chapelle—these are the chapters. In each case Captain Hamilton deals carefully, painstakingly with the little details of the fighting. Only the unimaginative will find it unimaginative writing.

Boyd Cable's method of dramatizing the trenches is by radical commonsense. He makes a collection of short stories out of real episodes, giving a human continuity to the account of capturing a German trench or the defense of a bomb-proof shelter. The trenches are a locale and a community. They have their flavor, their traditions, their speech. Mr. Cable's method of approach has succeeded in making his books, like "Action Front" and "Between the Lines," probably the most popular of all purely descriptive war books. Nothing could show more clearly that the great bulk of human interest in a dreary warfare will hold up cheerfully so long as it is interwoven with the personal fortunes of Private O'Leary or Smith, who have specific individual tastes and ambitions, who are differentiated from the great flood of men and humanized. But it will flag in a few minutes before the carefully adjectived "holocausts" of writers who feel they must do justice to what they see—in words. The injection of a bit of human drama into trench life doesn't seem on the surface such an ingenious literary feat, yet it is astonishing to read the number of war books that wholly fail to consider men from any other viewpoint but that of mass. Mr. Cable's "Action Front," for all its obvious cheapness and melodrama, still remains the book out of these eleven that most people will read the most eagerly. But "Doing Their Bit," on the contrary, is just an exposition of the work of those "back home" in the munition factories. It is perfunctory and dull.

"The Luck of Thirteen" is another impressionistic story of the Great Retreat, although Mr. and Mrs. Gordon's escape was through Montenegro and Mr. Jones's through Albania. They did not have anything like the adventurous experience of the author of "With Serbia Into Exile," neither did they contrive to write anything like so good a book. Yet it is finely illustrated, and there is no attempt at wordy impressiveness. One reads with interest data about lunches, dinners, food, sleeping quarters, clothes, all the unessentials of life. There is a peculiar, inexplicable halo about these things in a war book. Even in Wythe Williams's "Passed by the Censor," with its first-rate account of Paris in the opening days of the war and an amusing history of the aberrations of the censor (war correspondents to-day only see what is carefully prepared for them and then can only wire what the military authorities desire), one of the most dramatic moment is the moment of decision of the Colonel, by whom Mr. Williams along with other American correspondents was "detained," as to whether or not his prisoners might bribe the cook. There is a fine journalistic account of what Sister Julie really did in the little village of Gerbéviller.

Still one more semi-impressionistic book, with considerable of the professional soldier attitude in it, is Patterson's "With the Zionists at Gallipoli." The Zionists were a Jewish Mule Corps, composed of Russian subjects who had fled from Palestine to Egypt and offered their services to the Allies, rather than wage war for the Turks. There were over five hundred of them, and they were organized and trained into an effective corps in the incredibly short time of three weeks. At Gallipoli they behaved with rare bravery, for even the transport mule corps was often under heavy shell fire. No spot on the Peninsula was safe. But the interest of Patterson's book centers really in his criticism of the English campaign. Colonel Patterson has seen active service all over the world and he has made military science his particular hobby. He is better qualified to judge than a man like Masefield, however particular Masefield might be to get all the facts correct. And his criticism is simple and traditional. He echoes the words of Napoleon, who said that the besetting sin of British commanders was always to fritter away their forces by dividing them and so laying themselves open to being defeated in detail. If a complete sledge-hammer blow had been levelled at Anzac (near Sari Bair) with all forces, the victory would have

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been a certainty. What in fact happened? "The Australian and New Zealand Divisions landed at Anzac, the key position; the 29th Division beat themselves to death attacking six different and almost impregnable positions on the toe of the Peninsula, where, I dare say, not a single man ought ever to have been landed; in addition to the opposition they met in Gallipoli they were subjected to a rain of shells from Asia, not only at the time of landing but throughout the whole time we wasted in occupying this utterly (from a military point of view) useless end of the Peninsula." There is a dignity and simplicity about Colonel Patterson's criticism which carries conviction—at least to the non-military reader. In any case he interprets anew the fact that the high command blundered frightfully.

Perhaps the best book of the lot is a book which the author never intended or even wished to be a book. "Ambulance No. 10" is a collection of letters from Mr. Buswell with the American Ambulance Corps in France to a friend in America. In none of the letters is there an ounce of the professional writer striving for effect. Yet the reader is constantly moved. There is the story of the wounded German who was yielded first place in the ambulance by slightly less severely wounded French soldiers. "I am sure that German died without hating France," Mr. Buswell writes to his friend after a visit to the hospital. No book I have read on the war seemed to have brought me so close to the actual front. Even if Mr. Buswell's permission had not been asked, his friend did wisely to publish the letters. They are so rich in their revelation of courage and devotion and the finer qualities of young manhood that it would indeed be a sour pessimist who could not extract from them a large measure of hope for the younger generation. They lack completely that plague of most war book-writers—consciousness of an audience.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Disraeli's Democracy

The Life of Disraeli, volume four, by G. E. Buckle. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

THE official life of Disraeli pursues the even tenor of its way. In no sense a great biography, it is yet a useful and competent performance. It derives its interest rather from the sheer fascination of its material than from the quality of its presentation. It has none of that stately perspective which enabled Lord Morley to weave into his volumes the authoritative canon by which the character of the nineteenth century may ultimately be tested. It lacks the almost feverish brilliance which made of Mr. Churchill's life of his father one of the half-dozen political biographies clearly destined to literary permanence. Mr. Buckle has rather provided the studies from which a portrait may ultimately be drawn. His work lacks finish and delicacy; and it must be regretfully admitted that he is hardly a man of ideas. Yet each volume of his work grows more arresting—the Sphinx somehow comes to solve his own riddle and the less we find ourselves baffled by the enigma of his personality the more lovable and significant does he become.

From this book we gain for the first time an adequate realization of the forces against which Disraeli had to contend. We are given an intimate vision of the sensitive and quivering soul which lay behind the elaborate mask of the greatest actor of the century. It is easy enough to dismiss him as a political harlequin, but no more profound mistake was ever made than by those who so misjudge the significance of his career. When the last word has been said against him he yet illustrates more vividly than any other figure of his time the value of genius in politics. The weapons of his art, his cynicism, his satire, his extravagances, even the eager ambition which was the mainspring of his career, are yet unrevealing when measured alongside the greatness of his work. A man neither of birth nor of wealth, belonging to a religion which was despised as it was suspected, hated by his political opponents as he was distrusted by his political friends, he was able at the end to win for his ideas the enthusiastic acceptance of a great party. He illustrates more vividly than any other Englishman of the nineteenth century the fundamental rightness of democratic government. He forced himself upon an England which was still muttering the antique catchwords of the age before the French Revolution had shifted the perspective of the world from past to future. He found a political philosophy which had been tested and disproved by the pressure of events. He educated that England into an understanding of the formulæ of democracy, and he taught it a creed of which it had no longer reason to be ashamed. Unquestionably he fought bitterly. Unquestionably he was not too nicely careful of the methods that lay ready to his hand. It is difficult not to be nauseated by the elaborate pretensions and febrile mystery of his temperament. But there remains, even with the memory of his errors most clearly in mind, a solid deposit of political good. There is a sincerity behind the whimsical affectation of careless thought which no personal dislike can mistake. There is a skill of psychological insight, a faculty of objective judgment which are unsurpassed in modern political history. Fame may have been his goddess; but there have been few men who have had so unique a right to desire it, and it may be said of him that he never legislated save to improve, as he never depicted save to suggest. He gave to ideas the creative compulsion of imagination. He is the father of a democratic concept which may even yet prove the pathway to our political salvation.

The England into which Disraeli was born was a little and a thoughtless England. It was as a sop to an awakening democracy that the Reform bill had been passed. It was as medicine that the Peers had swallowed it; and even Lord John Russell had acclaimed it as a final solution. The typical statesmen of the time were cheap cynics like Melbourne or rollicking hucksters like Palmerston. Peel, indeed, was almost a mighty figure; yet it needed the thunderous eloquence of Bright and the incisive passion of Cobden to awaken him to the great problem of the hour. It was an England which looked upon politics as a glorious pastime and realized neither the price of its playing, nor the responsibilities of its rules. Disraeli came into politics with a creed already formed. His novels are essentially political treaties, and they can never be read for the story. They are the text-book of Tory democracy, and rarely has so subtle a statement of faith been evolved. It brushed aside the easy Utopia of philosophic phrases, and revealed with a passionate instinct for truth the realities of the time. The basis of his creed was the theory that the tenure of property is the fulfillment of duty. He believed that the right conception of a democracy is to give to its best and wisest the full occasion of responsible power. Keenly alive to the value of tradition, he urged that the revivification and regeneration of ancient institutions should be the keynote of the new philosophy. He would give to monarchy the glamour of effective intervention in public affairs. He would make statesmanship the test of aristocratic survival. The Church should again devote herself to the intellectual

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and spiritual education of the people. He desired to release the general mass of men from the sectarian bondage of contracted sympathies. He would control the conditions of labor. He would have no nation builded upon a foundation of ignorance upon the one hand and poverty upon the other. He would refuse to stand idly by the ancient ways. "I observe," he wrote in "Coningsby," "a party in the state whose rule it is to consent to no change until it is clamorously called for, and then instantly to yield; but these are concessionary, not conservative, principles." Rather did he find his test of statesmanship, like Burke, in that "disposition to preserve and ability to improve" which is so profoundly in accord with the temper of the English people. With the old aristocracy he had no sympathy. Faith in great things seemed to him the first principle of nature, and the absence of that faith in mid-Victorian England was the justification of a new order of life. "Artificial Aristocracy," he said, "depresses the energy and checks the enterprise of a nation." It was a natural aristocracy he desired.

He knew the impossibility of erecting that government upon the basis of material or abstract calculations. It must appeal to the imagination of men. He was profoundly convinced not only of the limitations of the human mind but also of the dangers of unbridled ochlocracy. "I have no faith," he wrote, "in the remedial qualities of a government carried on by a neglected democracy who for three centuries have received no education. What prospect does it offer us of those high principles of conduct with which we have fed our imagination and strengthened our wills?" That in which he put his trust was an order comparable to the Guardians of Plato's Republic, save that they should be responsible to, and representative of, the people. The one thing for which he was most deeply careful was the improvement of the condition of the people and the understanding of its problems. His main desire was to inspire its hopes. "The written history of the last ten years," he said in "Sybil," "has been a mere phantasm. . . . Oligarchy has been called liberty; an exclusive priesthood has been christened a national church. Sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the people. In the selfish strife of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England: the monarch and the multitude." It was the restoration of philosophy to the one and of representation to the other that he desired. He asked from youth the sacrifice of its service, as from ability he demanded the engine of its inspiration. "These great consequences," he said, "can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our youth . . . the claims of the future are represented by suffering millions, and the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity."

It is a picture of vivid fascination; and signs are not wanting that its large outlines may yet be more fully realized than he ever hoped. But whatever its limitations, no one dare doubt that it was a philosophy at once generous and full compared to the gloomy reactionism of the landed gentry he came to lead. Peel had deserted them; Gladstone was to despise them. From a handful of despairing and disappointed men he built up a great party. It was no easy task. His very colleagues mistrusted the Jew adventurer with his flashy waistcoats and his fantastic novels. They writhed beneath his satire, and they groaned as they were driven forward to the unceasing pressure of his ideas. Nor did they taste in any fullness the sweets of office. The brief interludes of government before the great triumph of 1874 were used only for the translation into statute of ideas in which they only half believed. They were confronted by a solidly hostile majority for almost twenty years. It is the glory of Disraeli that throughout the long period of opposition he should never have allowed them to stop learning. It was no easy task that was his. Until 1874 he had to struggle continuously against intrigue and opposition. In the House of Commons he had to confront the most skilful parliamentarian of the nineteenth century. He faced the task worthily. If he rarely attained to the supreme heights of rhetorical excellence of which Mr. Gladstone was capable, he yet showed a subtler understanding, and a sympathy no less generous and profound. He displayed qualities of imagination for which his great rival had no aptitude. If his foreign policy was to prove, in the light of the future, one long mistake, the imperial idea for which he stood is yet the cohesive force which has maintained Great Britain in her hour of trial. No man more faithfully supported religious toleration. No man more eagerly urged the advantages of compulsory education. He was the earliest of English premiers to see the advantage to society of a working class which has time to think out its own problems. His defense of an Established Church is the defense of an institution which he believed to be a part of the fibre of the English people. He saw the need of something that might give expression to its spiritual genius. He was never blinded, as Mr. Gladstone was often blinded, by his prejudices or his inclinations. He judged men with the sure instinct that senses the throb of heart and the inmost play of mind.

He stood aloof from men, and that, it may be, is the reason why he remains a little mysterious to them. The pale, eager face with its eyes of flame and its luxuriant raven hair seems rather the face of one who ruled some oriental people than the sober and practical English race. It is the face of one who struggled hardily, and paid a high price for his success. Certainly the English people never understood how deeply he loved them, and how passionate was the sincerity which lay behind the studied indifference and the ironic cynicism which were the weapons he so loved to wield. If he was an opportunist, it was only that he might attempt the expression of his faith. If he cared most to make for himself a name among the greatest of Englishmen, he yet understood that the condition of political fame is the rendering of service. He was the apostle of party and he fought stoutly to the end. But he was the apostle of party only in so far as he believed that to serve one's party is to benefit one's country, and he gave to that party principles which made the contest a great moral issue. He was equal to every emergency in the great drama in which he played. He was not merely an adroit tactician. He knew the needs of Ireland in 1843. He knew the measure of nineteenth-century democracy at a time when only John Bright had envisaged what lay ahead. He never appealed to those instincts which inflame the passions while they poison the intelligence of a people. He felt the ample grandeur of the destinies with which he was charged. In the whole annals of English politics there is perhaps no stranger figure. Yet there is assuredly no other who so exemplified the truth of his own conviction that the elevation of genius to the direction of public life is the main source of invigoration and enlightenment. If his life everywhere reflects a shadow of tragedy it yet suggests a hopeful vision. From the outset he determined to understand, and he attained to eminence because he understood. That is beyond all question the one certain basis upon which our faith in progress may be grounded.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

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British India

The Oxford Survey of the British Empire in Asia, including the Indian Empire and Dependencies, Ceylon, British Malay, and Far Eastern Possessions, by Herbertson and Howarth. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.75.

The Making of British India, by Professor Muir, New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

IT was in 1896 that a learned American writer, Brooks Adams, made a significant remark in his work, "The Law of Civilization and Decay"—that all "recent historical work relating to India must be taken with suspicion. The whole official influence has been turned to distorting evidence in order to make a case for the government." The truth of this remark is being illustrated by almost every new work relating to India produced by the English press. It is a great pity that a people noted for their candor and honesty in historical research should have been so much obsessed by imperial expediency as to suppress truth or to color it with considerations of imperial interest. History, above all, is a branch of knowledge which should be above the taint of bias and party politics. But recent events all over Europe have confirmed the suspicion that in international struggles and controversies there is no such thing as absolute truthfulness, and that there are after all very few writers who can rise above national prejudices and speak out the whole truth, even though they may have to condemn their own country thereby.

"The Oxford Survey of the British Empire" is more or less based on official documents and contains chapters written by men who are known as official experts on the various chapters written by them. The chapters that deal with Physical Geography and Geology; Climate and Weather; Vegetation, Forestry, Fauna and Agriculture, are excellent, based as they are mostly on the new Edition of the Imperial Gazetteer of India. The chapter on industrial and economic conditions is also generally fair and accurate. The chapter opens with the observation that agriculture being the predominant industry it follows that the general economic condition of the people depends on a staple industry which is ever subject to the fluctuations of the rainfall (Monsoon). "Naturally, therefore, attention has been turned to the possible development of other industries in order to provide an additional and more staple means of subsistence, and at the same time to utilize more profitably the vast resources of the country in raw materials." That the government have not in this respect done their duty to India becomes obvious as one reads the chapter. It would have been much more in accordance with facts, indeed, if the writer had said that sufficient attention had not been bestowed on industries other than agriculture. Further on in the chapter the writer assumes the existence of a "contented peasantry," "exporting their surplus crops and living in comfort"—statements in great variance with others given out on high official authority to the effect that between forty and a hundred millions of the population of India are insufficiently fed. Ninety per cent of the population being the peasantry, it is they who form the bulk of the half-starving population.

Now as to the development of industries, we will select a few of them to illustrate the results achieved, reproducing in part the exact language of the writer himself.

> Iron: "In former times iron smelting in little charcoal furnaces was a common industry. The steel thus produced anticipated by many centuries the finest qualities of the modern European product. Indeed the iron age in India has been placed as early as 1500 B. C. But no local industry has suffered more from importation than that of iron smelting. Apart from two capitalist enterprises, the total value of iron ore mined is estimated at fifteen hundred pounds (or seventy-five hundred dollars), while the annual imports of iron and steel exceed four million pounds (or twenty million dollars)."
>
> Manganese: The ores are exceedingly precious and rich and they are exported in bulk to be smelted abroad.
>
> *Mica*: "*Mica mining is carried on by primitive methods.*" This under one of the most advanced of modern governments.
>
> Coal: From the economic point of view the most valuable mineral product of India is coal. The business is liable to considerable fluctuations caused partly by external conditions, but also by high local freights and deficiency of coal wagons. And this is true in a country where local roads and railroads are generally owned and controlled by the state.
>
> Tanning: The country supplies almost all the raw materials for tanning, and that in great abundance. But the processes followed are crude in the extreme and the industry is (except at two places) of little importance. Why and whose fault is not stated.
>
> Export and shipping: The trade for export is largely in the hands of a few European firms who make their purchases through brokers. The business of shipping is almost entirely conducted by European firms. The import trade is also mainly in European hands. Yet that ship building was a great industry in pre-British days can be abundantly established by historical writings.

The only industry which shows some development is the cotton-spinning and weaving-mill industry, though here also it has suffered from the fiscal policy of the government imposed on India in the interests of Lancashire. On the question of protection, the writer puts the position of the Indians very fairly. He says, "it is but natural that Indian politicians should express dissatisfaction with the meagre results at present achieved in industrial enterprise. They complain that, in the interest of Lancashire, their cotton fabrics were first excluded from the English market and have suffered from unrestricted competition at home." From the way in which the author puts the matter he seems to sympathize with the viewpoint of the Indian politician, though he does not say so expressly. In any case, the whole situation discloses culpable neglect of India's industrial interests by the foreign government of the country. The chapter is full of much useful information, compressed in a very small space.

The part of the book, however, in which the customary Anglo-Indian temper is most palpably shown, is that written by Sir Richard Temple, once a governor in India, on "western influences," and is full of half truths described with an imperial motive present before the mind of the writer. Sir Richard Temple was never known for his friendliness toward the national aspirations of the Indians.

On the whole, the Survey is a fair compendium of things as they are. The opinions expressed by the writers on religions and caste should be read with discrimination. There is only one chapter, namely that on Climate and Weather, in which the services of an Indian scholar have been utilized, though it would have been much better and more satisfactory if the chapter dealing with religious and social conditions had been intrusted to an Indian.

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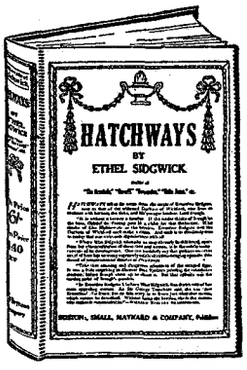

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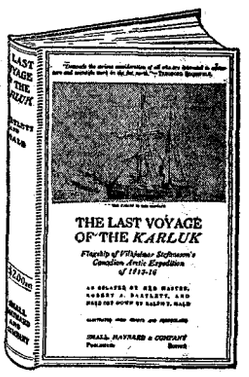

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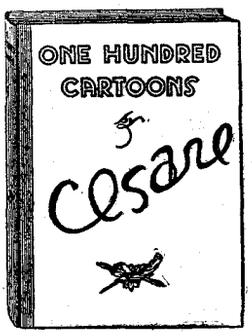

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